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How to arrange
**SPRING
FLOWERS**



How to decorate
**BEAUTIFUL
WEDDING
CAKES**



How to grow ...
NATIVE PLANTS
in your GARDEN



**JULIE
ANDREWS**

as
Gertrude Lawrence
in

"STAR!"

... pages 20-23



A wedding in the Hollywood tradition, then singer Gail Martin and her lawyer bridegroom head for Australia

Dino's daughter to honeymoon here



FAMILY group after the wedding, at her father's home in Beverly Hills, of Dean Martin's daughter Gail and Los Angeles lawyer Paul Polena. From left: Dean Martin, the bride, the bridegroom (he is 42), Mrs. Jeanne Martin, the bride's stepmother, and Paul Polena, jun., son of the bridegroom, who was his father's best man.

GAIL MARTIN, daughter of singer Dean Martin, and her husband, Paul Polena, will spend part of their honeymoon in Sydney. They are due in Australia on August 27.

Pretty, dark-haired Gail, who is Dino's third child, was married to Mr. Polena, a Los Angeles lawyer, at her father's home at Beverly Hills, California, last month.

Gail is a singer, like her famous father, and took very little time off after her wedding. She and her husband

went to Las Vegas so she could fulfil a nightclub engagement there.

They will continue their honeymoon in Sydney, where Gail also has a singing engagement. She will open at Chequers on August 29.

For her wedding Gail wore a Victorian-style gown of lace and organza, with a high neckline and long, tightly buttoned cuffs.

Her veil was trimmed with fresh flowers and ribbons.

She and her husband were married in a Baha'i ceremony. Both are members of the Baha'i sect.

The bride is about 20 years younger than the bride-

groom. Mr. Polena is 42. He has been married before, and his son Paul Polena, jun., was his father's best man.

When they return to America from Australia, the newlyweds will live in Beverly Hills.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Polena, and a graduate of Southwestern Law School, of Los Angeles.

The bride received her college education in England, at Dartington College, Devonshire.

About 500 guests, including the most famous names in American show business,

attended Gail's wedding. The ceremony was held out of doors, on the tennis-court at Dean Martin's big English-style mansion.

Two of Gail's sisters, Claudia and Deana, were bridesmaids, and her youngest sister, Gina, was flowergirl.

In father's show

Gail, a lively girl, with a pretty nose and smiling eyes, has been a particular source of pride to her father for the past few years.

She has been singing in public since 1966. She has been in her father's shows on

TV, and has also appeared with him in clubs, but as a separate act on the same bill.

She made her New York debut at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel, a prestige spot for entertainers.

The Persian motif seems to run like a thread through her life at present.

The Baha'i faith, to which she and her husband belong, was founded in Persia 100 years ago, when it was proclaimed to the world by its martyred Persian founder, Baha'u'llah. It has followers all over the Pacific, in America and Australia, and in Europe, too.

Gail is Dino's second daughter and third-eldest child. The four oldest of his family of seven — Craig, Claudia, Gail, and Deana — are the children of his seven-year marriage to Elizabeth Ann McDonald.

He married former model Jeanne Biegener in 1949, and they have three children — Dino, Ricci, and Gina.

All the children have inherited their fair share of good looks.

Gail and Dino, jun., have both made a hit in show business. Dino, jun., now 16, has been a pop star for about three years and is adored by American teenagers.

She teaches how to balance the budget

— But her husband manages the family finances



● Associate Professor Florence Hall

MAKING both ends meet is one of life's hardest struggles. Yet Florence Hall ("Fliss" to her nearest and dearest), of Seattle, Washington, has done it, joyfully, for 16 years.

Associate Professor of Family Economics at the School of Home Economics, University of Washington, Mrs. Hall teaches all about credit, hire purchase, banks, insurance, investments, mortgages, taxes — everything a family needs to know to manage throughout life.

She will share her knowledge with Australian home economists when she speaks at the second triennial conference of the Home Economics Association of Australia, being held in Sydney from August 26 to 30.

Mrs. Hall's subject?

"I'm afraid it's top secret," she said. "But I can tell you the title — 'The Cost of Living and the Cost of Taxes in Australia, the U.S.A., and Canada.' I'm still working on it."

She indicated several closely typed foolscap sheets on a nearby table: "I don't even know how long it's going to be."

This was the only subject Mrs. Hall guarded. About her aims and regrets she was completely frank.

But, then, the face under the neat cap of dark hair was an open one. Her eyes were grey-blue and beautiful.

We talked in the tiny Sydney apartment she and her professor husband, Nathan, have made into a home.

One regret

Mementoes gathered on the Hall's wanderings around Australia added gay personal touches. A bowl of attractively arranged twigs — "I picked them up in Manly" — showed Mrs. Hall has an artist's eye.

"I have only one regret," she admitted. "I may never be a full professor. I didn't finish my Ph.D."

"When the University of Washington, in Seattle, offered me an assistant professorship halfway through my studies, I accepted. I was tired of being poor."

Mrs. Hall grew up in a time when the whole world was poor.

During the dark Depression days she watched her father, a grain farmer in the vast, rolling Canadian prairies, struggle to make ends meet.

"But we were more fortunate than most," she remembers. "Although we couldn't afford a car, we did have a truck."

Despite the lack of money, her childhood was extremely happy.

Of her early schooling, she said:

"I always enjoyed arithmetic because I found it easy. It was just like solving a puzzle."

When she was 11, she moved with her family to Rosser, a small town 15 miles outside Winnipeg. There she met the woman who, she believes, was the real reason for her success.

She was the pretty young teacher who taught Mrs. Hall

— By —
VALERIE CARR

all grades in Rosser's one-room high school.

"I adored her," said Mrs. Hall in her pleasant drawl. "Every student would have done anything for her."

"She eventually married a fur trapper and moved into the far north. But we still send Christmas cards."

At 16, Mrs. Hall won a scholarship to the University of Manitoba, in Winnipeg.

"There were two courses to choose from — agriculture or home economics. I chose home economics."

At university Mrs. Hall went on enjoying her student days. Even her first taste of personal budgeting didn't mar them.

"My scholarship covered room, board, and tuition, so I wasn't too badly off."

She tackled all kinds of jobs during her summer vacations.

She waited on tables in an air force officers' mess, "baby-sat" in Canada's magnificent lake country, even worked as a chemist at a cement factory.

But she was always glad to get back to her studies — chemistry, physics, bacteriology, zoology, physiology, sociology, English literature,

economics, applied art, and art appreciation.

By the time she was 20, Mrs. Hall had more than a B.Sc. after her name. She knew all about wiring a house, food preparation, the mysteries of the human body, and home furnishings.

"A home economist must almost be an interior decorator," she said. "She has to know about everything in the home — from the dishes and silverware to furnishings, paintings, and design."

Yet all this knowledge didn't satisfy her — she wanted a master's degree.

As instructor

On a two-year research assistantship she went to the University of Minnesota, in the United States, and began making both ends meet in deadly earnest.

"Although the assistantship paid for my tuition, I had to support myself," she said. "It was during the war, and the most money I could bring out of Canada was enough for a month."

"I never spent more than 10c for breakfast. Instead of having orange juice, I'd buy oranges and eat them in my room. I had to have my vitamin C."

Came graduation. Mrs. Hall decided to stay on as instructor ("That's the beginning rank") in foods.

She enjoyed teaching. More important, her budgeting days were over. But ambition nagged. To be a full professor she must have a Ph.D.

Five years later, she started working on her doctorate in Economics at the University of California, in San Francisco.

Then money problems loomed. The offer of an assistant professorship at the University of Washington was too tempting to refuse.

"If I hadn't accepted the job," Mrs. Hall said, "I would never have met my husband. He's Professor of Pharmacy at the university."

Smiling, she said, "I was there seven years before we met. And then my friend met him first. She said, 'I've met the nicest man. But he's too short for me, so you'd better meet him.'"

Mrs. Hall did. A year later they were married.

Who manages the money? "My husband, of course," said Mrs. Hall.

Thirty years of married misery all for a laugh

● There is new fame ahead for the irascible Alf Garnett, that pillar of prejudice, that nosy know-all, who has made millions laugh in the BBC television show "Till Death Us Do Part." He and his long-suffering wife, Else, are to appear in a full-length feature film. Betty Best went to see Alf and Else in action on the set.



ALF is caught by the National Anthem just as he gets into the bathtub.

HOW do you turn a middle-aged myth into a full life story? How do you take a half-hour-a-week television anti-hero and build a feature film around him?

And, most difficult of all, how do you stop the anti-hero becoming a hero?

The attempt at an answer is to be found at Shepperton Film Studios, near London, where Warren Mitchell and the rest of the Garnett family from "Till Death Us Do Part" are slaving away with their scriptwriter, Johnny Speight, and all the familiar props which make the TV series such a shocker.

The first thing that hits me as I walk through the door of the sound stage is an open, far-from-pretty "outside diddy."

Its plaster walls are broken and smudged with grime, its old-fashioned iron cistern carries a chain with no handle.

Not like actors

"That was quite a scene in there," the publicity man tells me.

Anyone who knows the fire-eating phony Alf Garnett can believe him.

Farther across the sound stage is a bedroom set of familiar ugliness.

Wallpaper and bedcover designs wage a battle that will never be resolved, and between the two lie Else and Alf wrapped in connubial misery.

After three consecutive TV series and the past eight weeks of filming together, these two — Warren Mitchell and Dandy Nichols — really don't look like actors.

They look as if they've suffered a lifetime of marriage together. Even when she turns over in bed to sleep there is an automatic, surly adjustment of the sheet and blanket from him, as if staking a claim to his bedclothes for the night.

This is a brief, almost wordless scene, but within its apparent simplicity is all the lascivious, nosy-parker interference which has made Alf Garnett the most irritating father-in-law in the business.

For it is his daughter Rita's wedding night, and Alf has his ear to the aforesaid horrific wallpaper,



LEFT: In this scene from the film, Alf and Else shelter under the table from the bombs.

BELOW: Alf is going to the pub no matter what Else may think about it.

WRITER Johnny Speight (top left) and stars Una Stubbs, Anthony Booth, Dandy Nichols, and Warren Mitchell admire six-week-old Deborah Marks, daughter of one of the film crew. (Rita as a baby.)



LEFT: Else proudly holds her baby daughter, Rita, who at this stage of the film has grown to be a toddler.

trying to catch a word or two of what the young people are saying.

Una Stubbs plays Rita and Anthony Booth her husband, Mike.

After rehearsals, director Jon Penington calls a break for lighting, and the make-up man approaches Alf to check his grey moustache and lip-white.

Still in character, Warren Mitchell takes the mirror, looks at the result, mutters, "A bit strong," fixes it himself, and beams an aggressive "Howzzatt?" at the make-up man.

Then, noticing the quiet crews around him, all intent upon their own jobs, he suddenly breaks into a beautiful bar-room bari-tone:

"If those lips could only speak,

"If those eyes could only see . . ."

Warren Mitchell's cockney is superb, but by no means natural. Old music-hall songs are his way of keeping it well oiled for the next take.

He is a hard-working pro to his fingertips, with more than 20 years of stage, screen, and television work behind him.

He was never internationally known until he became, for everyone in the British Isles, Australia, Holland, Sweden, and Germany, the irascible Alf.

But this was not through lack of trying.

After two years at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, he took his first professional job in "French Without Tears" at the Finsbury Open Air Theatre. His first West End appearance was in "Threepenny Opera"

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

and his first film role was with Trevor Howard in "Manuela."

But he is as modest as all good actors and tells his own tale like this:

"My whole career was founded on a little Continental I played in a 'Hancock's Half-hour'."

"Hancock died. There was a nasty hush, and then I said, 'Master Hancock, a word in your ear,' moved up to him, and in a whisper fed him his next line.

"Tony, like the marvellous bloke he was, never forgot it."

"When we came off, he said, 'I'm never going to do a show without you. What about that? Prompt me live!'"

"You see, the shows weren't recorded in those days, and it was hell if you dried."

"Anyway, Tony kept his word, and gave me a part in every show that season."

The differences

"After that I got 'Threepenny Opera' and into films—but wherever I went for a job people always said, 'Weren't you with Hancock?' And that was really a boost."

Even when discussing the differences between "Till Death Us Do Part" on television and screen, Warren Mitchell sees it from an actor's technical point of view rather than as a whole.

"The main difference is that, with the telly show, the actors could get to-

gether, with the director and the writer, and nut it all out over several sessions until we all felt we had got at the truth of each scene, before we did it."

"That's what I call distillation—and that's what I like."

"With a film, somebody's always getting out with a viewfinder, or fiddling about with lights, or make-up, or some other technical point which has nothing whatever to do with the plot or the character."

"I suppose you could call it living under the tyranny of a cameraman."

I laugh, tell him he is sounding more like Alf every day, and a bit cranky, and that the difference I am interested in has to do with what the public will see, not with his personal problems.

"Then Johnny had better join us," he says firmly, and one suddenly gets the full strength of this partnership—without which "Till Death" would have stopped at the one-night TV comedy it was designed to be originally.

When public demand encouraged the BBC to develop it into a series of 11 separate episodes, Warren and Johnny Speight worked side by side on every aspect of the development. Now each pays unstinting respect to the other's contributions.

Right from the beginning, Johnny Speight and Warren Mitchell had a mutual motivation for putting their best into "Till Death."

They are both committed Labor voters, and have been all their lives. They both loathe and despise the intolerance and prejudice of men like Alf Garnett.

Their faith in the English public's appreciation of their

ideas took a violent shaking when Alf began to get fan letters from people who agreed with his violent racial outlook, his attacks upon the current Labor Government, or his pathetic class-consciousness.

"Do you know, I still get invitations to open Conservative fetes?" said Warren.

"I always write back saying, 'Madam, it is Alf Garnett who feels the same way as you do. I wouldn't dream of opening your fete.'"

"You see, this is one of the good things about being able to make a two-hour film of the Garnetts."

Such a coward

"We can go right back in Alf's life and begin with the war. This way we can show what a coward Alf always was and how wrong he has always been."

"In the television series he was always talking about his 'war effort.' Now we can show he never moved out of London."

The opening shot of the film is as perfect a self-contained vignette as any the team gave in the television series.

A cinema is utterly silent as a newsreel comes on to the screen.

All the military might of Germany in 1939 rumbles past Hitler, who takes the salute.

Tanks in never-ending columns terrify the audience, until the silence is broken by a harsh, self-righteous, and utterly sure-of-itself voice:

"All cardboard, ain't they? They're all cardboard!"

Not since the "Peace in our time" statement, by

Neville Chamberlain, has anyone made such a bloomer. It could only be Alf Garnett—and, of course, it is.

Johnny Speight was approached as long as two years ago, just after the first series proved such a success, to incorporate the Garnetts into a film script.

"I wouldn't at the time," he says. "I was afraid they would lose their character. Now Jon Penington has convinced me that, in fact, we can add to these people, show how they got that way."

Dandy Nichols, who plays Else, explains it from her point of view:

"Of course, when it was first put to me I was frightened. Going back 30 years is very hard for an actress."

"But I think I've managed that, with all the extra hair we used to wear in those days, and some very tight corsets."

"It does give me a chance to show how Else became so defeated."

"I attempt to give the impression that when she was younger Else was a very jolly woman."

"But, little by little, she notices that Alf can be so cruel. Then, when I have Rita, I change my whole attitude toward him."

It is hardly surprising that "Till Death" was the brainchild of Johnny Speight. There is something both of his background and his philosophy in every line.

"I grew up in the slums of Canning Town," he says, without rancor.

"I didn't see why I should work in a factory, though. So I started in jazz, because

I believed it was the great leveller—and I still do."

"Bernard Shaw was still alive then, and he was always being quoted in every paper I read."

"I got hold of all his books, and before long I realised that he wrote everything I'd ever thought."

"That made me sure that education was the answer, so I gave up my job, went on National Assistance, and read everything I could lay my hands on from Kant to Sophocles."

"I determined I would learn enough to write. And I really worked at it. I began with plays for Unity Theatre. Plays for the working class. Plays with a message."

"They were terrible!"

Now Speight is one of the busiest writers in England.

He can't keep up with the work he's offered, and apart from all the full-length television plays he has written (including "The Compartment" and "The Playmates," both starring Michael Caine) he has had several stage plays produced.

Too outspoken

Recently he had a typical Speight play, called "If There Weren't Any Blacks You'd Have To Invent Them," produced on commercial television. This was originally commissioned by the BBC, he says, but was too outspoken for them to transmit.

"On my way here, in a hired car the other day, a Pakistani driver said to me, 'You've stripped England naked.'"

"Well, I don't know about that. But if Alf has made anyone think twice about his prejudices I shall be glad."

"Some JOHNSON'S for you,
and some for me. Some for
you, and some for me . . ."

(THINKS)

"Mummy once said she and her
mother enjoyed this same pleasant
little ritual with JOHNSON'S. All
told, it's been in our family for
four generations."



Johnson & Johnson

"Best for baby, best for you."

"When the flowering is over,
the work really starts."

There's MAGIC in her fingers

By VALERIE CARR



MRS. JULIE SEUR, gardener, prunes a rosebush.

A WOMAN who once designed gardens for President Sukarno is now living in a Sydney flat without a garden.

She is Mrs. Julie Seur, a landscape gardener born in Indonesia of Dutch parents. With hands that look as though they'd break if you held them too tightly, she has coaxed gardens to grow all over the world.

Neglected gardens of stately Indonesian palaces (at President Sukarno's personal request), formal gardens of French chateaus, and even gardens that until then had existed only in the imagination—all have become things of beauty under Mrs. Seur's delicate touch.

Now, Mrs. Seur, who came here in 1959, is making Australia flower.

Last April she branched out on her own and has helped to trim many a Sydney garden into beautiful shape with secateurs, long-handled cultivators, and sometimes a bushman's saw.

"I needed the saw last

week, to prune a neglected apple tree," said Mrs. Seur when I met her at the home of one of her gardening "pupils."

Mrs. Seur is a slender woman with clear eyes and a clear complexion. Not even her working gear of heavy sweater, slacks, and massive gumboots could hide her extreme femininity.

"At the moment I am helping to look after about five gardens," Mrs. Seur went on in a delicately accented voice.

"How? Well, I tell people what to plant in the shade and what goes in the light. I show them what to prune and how to do it.

"I also tell them when to fertilise, what to spray with, and what to look out for and to avoid. I do real gardening, too, like digging."

She paused, slightly out of breath. "In fact, I do whatever comes along. You see, my father always told me never to say 'no.' If the job proves too difficult, you can always say 'no' later!"

This is Mrs. Seur's philosophy. It could also be the

secret of her success in what is normally a man's world.

Mrs. Seur's fascination with this world began in early childhood. In a family album she has a faded photograph of herself at five helping her mother in their beautiful riverside garden at Minggiran, East Java.

"My father was administrator in a sugarcane factory at Minggiran. But I was born in Blitar, East Java. Have you heard of it? The town was swept away when Keli Mutu erupted in

She tells people what to plant — and does "real gardening, too, like digging."

1918. I was about five months old. Luckily we lived on a hill, and were saved."

At 14, Mrs. Seur knew she wanted to make gardening her career. So she enrolled at Holland's "Huiste Lande" (House on the Land), a special horticulture school for girls.

The three-year course turned out to be a real test

of endurance. Of 32 students, only eight finished, including Mrs. Seur.

"To survive you had to be deeply interested in everything that grows," she said. "You also had to have a strong constitution."

"The day began at seven in the morning and ended at five. You had an hour for lunch, and no tea breaks. During that time you had to pot vegetables and plants, carry soil, and do general

tidying up — heavy manual work, in fact."

Theoretically, the course wasn't easy, either. Students had to speak at least two languages besides their native Dutch. This was because many of the important gardening books were in German ("Germany was far advanced in horticulture"), French, and English.

The students' knowledge of chemistry, fertilisers, and soil had to be wide, too.

Even "Tulip Land" (as Holland is sometimes called), with its fields of dancing flowers, was a constant reminder that gardening wasn't an easy job.

"Everyone raves about Holland's beautiful flowers. But they are in bloom for only a short while. The rest of the year is an effort. When the flowering is over, the work really starts."

"The bulbs have to be treated for diseases. They also have to be kept in certain temperatures to bloom in different parts of the world."

After working in England's Kew Gardens, in France, and in Germany ("I was near the Isar Valley, which is very rich in middle European and Alpine flora. It was a great study time"), she returned to Holland.

And to the tragedy of World War II.

Flowering "Tulip Land" had now become "Hungry Holland." Private gardening was out, because everything that could be cultivated was stolen to eat. Even flowers!

"I had some red berry bushes in my garden," Mrs. Seur remembered, her eyes shadowed. "One night I decided to collect the berries and use the wood for a fire—Holland is flat, and not wooded like Australia, so every piece of wood is needed for heat. Anyway, when I went to cut them, the berries had gone."

Peak of career

Mrs. Seur eventually found a job in research which she describes as "most interesting." Even so, dark memories like the berries incident made her return to Indonesia when the war was over.

The move was extremely lucky. In the country where she had first become aware of nature, Mrs. Seur reached the peak of her career.

Her first job was at Bogor, not far from Djakarta. As assistant curator of the Botanic Gardens, she had to retrace rare and valuable plants stolen during the war.

"It was rather like being a detective. I used to go out and listen to what people were saying. That way I man-

aged to retrace most of the plants."

Soon Indonesians realised Mrs. Seur had magic in her delicate fingers. Jobs piled up.

Among her admirers was President Sukarno. He personally asked her to restore or redesign all the official gardens in Djakarta—including the Government archives and Governor-General's palace, whose gardens had been trodden into a wilderness during the war.

"President Sukarno's favorite flowers were water-lilies," Mrs. Seur said. "So I had to design the gardens round pools and water."

Mrs. Seur's own favorite is the gerbera.

"They always remind me of the time I went home from boarding-school in Indonesia and found my father had furnished my very first study. In the middle of the room was a big bowl of gerberas in many colors."

Mrs. Seur doesn't like orchids because they are "too cold." As a gardener, in fact, she prefers shrubs to flowers. They are less fiddly.

"And a shrub's reactions to your secateurs are really fascinating. You can see exactly what you have done to them in a year's time."

But no gerberas or shrubs grow in the tiny spot Mrs. Seur calls a garden at Willoughby.

"You see, I live in a flat. What space I do have is on top of rock. If I clean it up in the morning, it's usually full of rubbish by evening. And all the cats and dogs of the neighborhood play in it."

The woman who has created gardens out of the wilderness sighed.

"I'm afraid I've given up hope of ever having a garden I can be proud of."

TEN TIPS FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS

- Work upright, with a straight back, as much as you can. This stops you from becoming tired.
- Remember you have TWO hands. Use them in turn to do jobs.
- Tools are made to work for you. Use the right tool for the job.
- Use small cartons to put weeds in while you are weeding. (Big cartons get too heavy.)
- Onion weed and oxalis should never be mixed with other weeds.
- Find the easiest tool for cutting edges—long-handled clippers and/or edge-cutters.
- Place tools the right way—upright, with sharp ends to the inside.
- If you have to prepare a spray for some disease, carefully read directions on bottle or tin. At the same time decide what other plants can be treated.
- Gloves and barrier cream to protect hands should be used by women gardeners.
- Use a hat. It not only protects you against the sun but keeps twigs and thorns out of your eyes.

LIONS ARE QUITE AT HOME AT WARRAGAMBA



WE drove through familiarly gentle Australian countryside—rolling hills covered in soft brown grass, graceful groupings of gum trees, and the occasional wattle in bloom. At the side of the road, lions lazed nonchalantly in the sun.

A magnificent lion gave an impressive yawn, and photographer Keith Barlow exclaimed, "They always do that just as I'm changing my film!"

We were in African Lion Safari, the lion park established at Warragamba, N.S.W., by Englishmen Geoffrey Gibbon and Richard Chipperfield in partnership with Australian circus man Stafford Bullen.

The park, based on the idea of African game reserves, is 125 acres in which the animals roam freely in about 95 enclosed acres while the people

By **BARBARA MARTYN**

are safely confined in their cars — it is an hour's drive from Sydney.

Nearly two miles of 15ft.-high fencing — 12ft. straight up with a 3ft. overhang — encloses the area (with a second fence 10ft. inside it).

Fifty lions, mostly bought from American zoos, have been "liberated" in the park. They have been grouped into three compatible prides and the park divided into three areas.

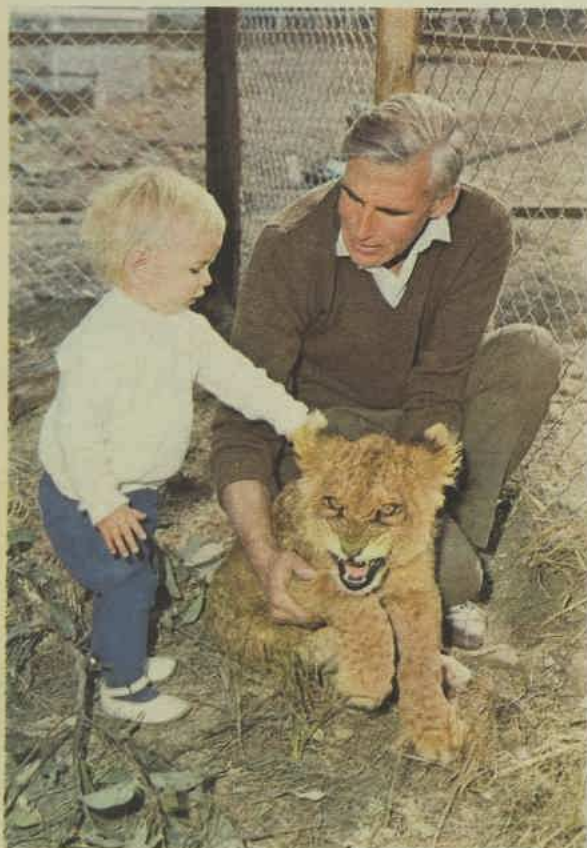
From the car we viewed scenes of feline domestic bliss as the male lions, though outnumbered three to one by lionesses, kept regal control over their families.

They looked so docile and harmless that the restrictions (stay in car at all times, keep windows wound up) seemed excessive. We felt like getting out and giving them a pat.

Then it was feeding time. Before the meat truck was in view, the lions had caught the scent and started to stalk purposefully in its direction. A great hunk of meat was thrown out and two male lions instantly became the huge, powerful, ferocious, snarling predators they really are.

More meat was quickly served until each lion had its share and all snarling stopped.

It had been a thrilling spectacle, but although the lions soon reverted to their former docility, all thoughts of patting them had fled. We would reserve our affection for the cubs in the children's corner.



GROUPED into compatible prides, the lions lead a normal family life in the park at Warragamba, N.S.W. For the first time in Australia, people can see them without the barriers of bars or cages.

IN the park's children's corner, four-month-old lion cubs Max and Moritz are star attractions. With Max (left) are the park's manager, Eric Ixer, and his 16-month-old daughter, Tina.

Pictures by
staff photographer
KEITH BARLOW



MAJOR GEOFFREY GIBBON (far left) and Richard Chipperfield are licensed trappers in Uganda. Richard's father, Mr. Jimmy Chipperfield, opened the first lion park in the grounds of the Marquis of Bath's home, "Longleat," Wiltshire.

EXCEPT at feeding time, in the afternoon, the lions (above) are docile and saunter past cars with scarcely a glance. The 50 lions mostly come from American zoos, so are revelling in their new freedom in the 95 acres of bushland.





LIONS have right of way (right) on the three miles of winding road in the park. This Press photographer had special permission to open his car window. The public must keep their car windows up at all times.



IF the jolly swagman had camped by this billabong, "Waltzing Matilda" could have had a different ending. The lions have settled so well in their Australian bush home that it's hard to believe they are not natural inhabitants. Each pride has its own waterhole.

VISITORS are unlikely to ignore these instructions (below) with Leo so near. Safety precautions are thorough — and explicit. Five wardens in zebra-striped vehicles are on constant patrol; rescue vehicles for car breakdowns are on standby.

**TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
EATEN**

**YOU ARE NOW
IN LION
COUNTRY**

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

A HONEYMOON in the Austrian Tyrol will follow the marriage of Sydney girl Louise Du Val and nuclear physicist Paul B. Whiteman, in Brunssum, in the Province of Limburg, in the Netherlands, on September 14. Writing to her mother, Mrs. Robert Du Val, Louise (who has lived in England for two years) says that after their honeymoon they'll be coming to Sydney with the idea of settling here.

RANG Mrs. David Harries to ask for news of her son and daughter-in-law and she told me that the Hon. Mrs. Harries and her small daughter, Alexandra, arrive on September 19 (from Long Beach, California, where they have been living) in a charter plane with 60 other wives and 64 children of Naval personnel. Lieutenant-Commander David Harries will arrive in HMAS Brisbane some time in October, and the family will stay with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Harries at their home at Vauluse while they hunt for a furnished flat in which to live until they buy a house. Alexandra will be christened toward the end of the year.

FOUR days in the country for Mrs. Annette Atwill who'll stay with the Ted Slys on their property, "Thornhill," Gunnedah, and watch the two-day polo carnival at Gunnedah on August 16 and 17. Her daughter, Celia, is off to the snow at the same time and will holiday at the University Ski Club Lodge at Thredbo Village.

ADMIRER always-elegant Mrs. Lennox Bode at the Germaine Rocher parade in a beautifully tailored tangerine wool suit with matching blouse.

SEEMS no time at all since the last one of Mrs. Gordon Johnston's annual bridge parties at Tresco, but this year's is only a week off—August 21. These parties (this one is the fourteenth) have become quite a tradition, with the afternoon tea a highlight of the day. Lady McMullin sends her cake down from Scone by air, and I believe that Lady Coppleston's chocolate cake is immensely popular. Tables are set up on the veranda of the lovely old sandstone house overlooking the harbor, and in the ballroom, where 100 women spend the afternoon playing bridge to help the Sea Cadet Corps of the Navy League.

DATE for your diary . . . September 6 — *Legacy Button Day*.

AND a second one, also September 6. The Black and White Committee's buffet luncheon to be followed by a surprise film-showing on board the Angelina Lauro. Proceeds will go to the Royal Blind Society.

THRILLED at having played Cupid successfully, Mrs. John Laszlo on August 15 will entertain newlyweds Jane and Al Miller, whom she introduced to each other on board the Iberia when she was travelling from Southampton to Sydney. Mrs. Miller, who was Mrs. Jane Block, an American, and Mr. Miller, were married last week in Adelaide, and after a fortnight in Sydney leave on board an Italian freighter for Philadelphia, where Mrs. Miller will introduce her new husband to her son, Dr. Hal Block, of New York.

LATEST news from overseas for Mrs. Jimmy Bancks from her daughter, Mrs. Michael Latimer (the former Sheena Bancks), says that the Latimers and their small son, Rupert James, were about to leave by car for a three-week summer holiday in Rome. The family lives in West Hampshire.

SPOKE with Mrs. Bill Nickolls just a short while after she arrived home after seven weeks abroad with her husband. They travelled via Hong Kong and were in Lausanne, Switzerland, for the break-up at daughter Fiona's finishing school, Villa Brillantmont. From there they travelled with Fiona to London for two weeks to collect son Craig for a family holiday in Spain. Fiona is now holidaying with friends in New York and should be back later this month; Craig is in London and will follow her a week or so later. The Nickolls came home via Nassau, where they stayed with friends in a "wonderful electronically-operated house," and Hollywood, where their friend film star Gordon MacRae and his wife, Elizabeth, were hosts at a dinner party attended by Linda Robb, President Johnson's daughter.

SHORT stay in Canberra for Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Holt, who will fly up to stay at the Canberra Hotel for a few days on a combined business-pleasure trip.

ENVY Mrs. Cook Rudwick her wardrobe of Mexican kesh-ke-mels, which she bought when she was in Puerto-Vallarta and Mexico City recently. These heavy knitted wool garments are rather like a short poncho and are embroidered by the peasants for their own use, with huge brightly colored flowers and designs. One of the 14 she brought back, which I like particularly, is a vivid pink trimmed with giant white and kingfisher-blue flowers, which she wears with a long pink evening gown. At lunch one day she wore a lovely natural bone one, heavily embroidered with flowers in all tones of bone, over a slim bone skirt, lacy stockings, and matching Italian accessories.

A THREE-WEEK honeymoon skiing in New Zealand and sunbaking and swimming in Fiji will follow the marriage of Sue Sharp and Peter Bennett at St. Luke's Church, Mosman, on August 24. Sue, who's been busy with a round of pre-wedding parties, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Sharp. When they return from their trip the newlyweds will settle into a home they've bought at Mosman.



BRIDAL WALTZ. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Ennor at the reception at "Yarramundi," Drummoyne, which followed their marriage at All Saints Church, Hunter's Hill. The bride was formerly Miss Julie Deegan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Deegan, of Cheltenham. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. R. F. Ennor, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mrs. Ennor.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Bill McCowage (at left) and Mrs. Kevin Jameson at the Head into Spring parade of spring hats, which was held at the Menzies Hotel. The parade was organised by members of the Crystal Ball Committee, which works to raise money for the Spinal Injuries Unit at Prince Henry Hospital.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Neville Christie and her daughter, Victoria, at the gala preview of the Noel Coward Festival at the Palace Theatre arranged by members of the N.S.W. Women's Committee of the National Council, Metropolitan Opera, New York Pan Pacific Region, Australian auditions.



LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Streeton (at left) leaving St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, London, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Anne Tait, daughter of Lady Tait and the late Sir Frank Tait, of Melbourne. The bridegroom is the grandson of famous Australian painter the late Sir Arthur Streeton. ABOVE: The bride's sisters, Miss Isla Tait (at left) and Miss Sally Tait, who were bridesmaids. A reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, following the ceremony.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Tim King signing the register at St. Phillip's Church, Church Hill, while their attendants, Miss Kay Wimble, Mrs. Paul Landa, and Miss Sue Pamphilon (left to right) look on. The bride was Miss Penny Wimble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wimble, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Mel King, of Baltimore, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Lee Gaffney, of Montreal, Canada.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Ian Bersten sipping pre-dinner drinks at the Chevron Hotel, where a dinner dance was held as part of the ninetieth anniversary celebrations of the establishment of the Great Synagogue in Sydney.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Burt Davis, of Palo Alto, California, U.S.A., Dr. B. P. Patel, of Kenya, East Africa, Mrs. Gilbert Freeman, of Honolulu, Hawaii, and Dr. W. J. F. Carmack, of Penrith (left to right), were among guests at a soiree held at the Cell Block Theatre for delegates and their wives, who are visiting Sydney to attend the World Medical Assembly.



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YOU'LL SEE MORE

● Here are five of Australia's top young designers — Trent, Wardle, Pirrie, Acton, and Emma — who have designed an up-to-the-minute collection of spring-summer fashions which will be featured in next week's issue.

THE DESIGNER "TRENT"

WHEN Trent Nathan started in Sydney seven years ago he was making samples, selling them, and then making up the order. Today, Trent clothes are sold under licence in the United States, Japan, Hong Kong, and New Zealand.

"We introduced our range to New Zealand only weeks ago, and already they're taking off there in a big way," he said.

"And Australian girls definitely catch on to new trends much more quickly than their American counterparts. They realise that by co-ordinating clothes they don't need a large wardrobe."

Though his designs have a young look, Trent avoids the "mod" tag.

"Our clothes aren't gimmicky at all," he said. "For although young people here are very with-it, most of them want their clothes to be practical and attractive."

"Red, white, and navy predominate in our summer collection for '68-'69.



TRENT NATHAN (centre) with Mr. N. Morrey (Australian Sales Manager, Women's Wear Division of Bradmill, Sydney), left, and Mr. O. Smith (Marketing Manager).

The lines are fairly classical, with a clean touch, and accessories carry through the colors, tone on tone.

"And waists are back — very strongly."

Department stores sell most of his creations — 75 percent of which are basic styles and 25 percent high fashion.

During the last four years, Trent designs have won the Supreme Award, the Australian Fashion Award, and the

Export Award, as well as several other firsts in the Australian Wool Board's annual fashion awards. He hopes to introduce a range of men's clothes within the next two seasons.

Trent Nathan goes overseas to study fashion trends about twice a year, but he doesn't plan to leave Australia permanently.

"There's no need to go overseas to prove yourself any more," he said. "There's enough challenge at home."

—ROBERT PAYNTER—

THE mysterious figure behind the Emma range was not, as we had imagined, pretty, swinging, and feminine—but tall, conservatively dressed, and very masculine.

Robert Paynter by name, 24 years old—he's a young man who had always seemed destined to enter the rag trade. He grew up with fashion, his father, Mr. Win Paynter, being the managing director of the well-established fashion house Gala Gowns.

When Robert completed his formal education at Brighton (Vic.) Grammar in 1961, his course was chosen and he began working for Gala, not in the executive suite but in dispatch.

He became thoroughly schooled in all facets of the business, from buying and/or designing the fabric to selling the completed article.

In 1967 Robert made a cool appraisal of the situation: Gala had a reputation for smart, sensible fashion styling, and he realised the need for a more youthful, yet sophisticated, image. Thus the idea was sown for an entirely new range with an entirely new name.

He adopted the name "Emma" from Mrs. Emma Peel, of the television program "The Avengers," whom he saw as a symbol of everything that was svelte, chic, feminine, and very much of the moment.

Three trends dominated in the initial winter range — soft angora in gentle pastels, welled wool in clear colors, and stark black orlon with crisp trimmings. All sold well. Emma had got over her teething problems.

Now just over one year old, Emma and her career are forging ahead, with two other designers and a staff of 37 directly concerned with the range.

Robert Paynter believes mini-skirts are passe and prefers the "medium-short" length two and a half inches above the knee. Of maxi-skirts he said, "They have been and gone with hardly a ripple of interest created."

His wife, Sally, who was a dress designer before the birth of their small son, James, helps in interpreting trends.

All in all, Rob and Emma are maintaining the sweet and youthful image, and doing very nicely, thank you.



DESIGNER Paynter and Miss Sally Payne look at sample cloth for "Emma."

OF THESE FIVE DESIGNERS

— PRUE ACTON —

PREOCCUPIED with neither the distant past nor the hazy future, the most important thing in the life of Mrs. Prue Treloar—otherwise Prue Acton, designer—is NOW and her next collection.

This does not mean that Prue is not ambitious—far from it. She has a host of ambitions ranging from majoring in oil painting and sculpture to being well read and having several more children.

However, at the age of 24 the talented Prue has already achieved far, far more than many people twice her age.

Backed by understanding and enthusiastic parents, the then 19-year-old Prue, fresh from majoring in fabric design at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, set forth determined to succeed in the competitive field of dress designing in Melbourne.

And succeed she has, not only in Melbourne or Australia, but her name is a fashion-house word in England, the U.S., Canada, Europe, South America, and South Africa.

Prue now has to design three entirely different collections each season—one each for Australia, America, and England—for each market has different requirements.

She acts on these beliefs:

Australian women are primarily interested in color (lots of it) and fabric, Americans love a distinctive silhouette, and the English conform with the mood of the moment, be it Victoria or Space Age.

Now, five years after Prue's bold foray into the fashion world, the Acton organisation is still very much a family concern.

Prue's father is in charge of contracts and finance.

Her mother competently handles promotions, and Prue's husband, Mike Treloar, produces under his own label couture fashions for men.

The design side is still the domain of Prue. Very little escapes her personal attention.

Her vital role ranges from the excitement of frequent overseas trips to confirm her ideas on fashion trends to the more mundane job of finalising the design of each garment and supervising the first fitting in her workrooms.



DESIGNER PRUE ACTON.

— KENNETH PIRRIE —

"IT is exasperating, wicked, demanding, expensive, and every other rotten thing that you can call it, and yet the pride and sense of achievement you derive from it can be summed up by the simple phrase 'I love it.'"

This is designer Kenneth Pirrie speaking of the fashion industry, which has dominated his life since 1950, when he became an apprentice cutter in a shoe factory in Collingwood, Vic.

Now 33, Kenneth Pirrie is at the top.

He looks back on his early days with fond memories and amusement at the dogged young man determined to succeed, and looks forward with great excitement to wider horizons and new ventures.

Frustrated with the limitations in his field during his apprenticeship, he left to join a knitting wool firm as a country representative.

This was closer to the real heart of fashion. Mr. Pirrie became vitally interested in color, which he still believes is one of the most important aspects of fashion.

In 1959 he heard, by chance, of a demand for charcoal-grey slacks. He whipped up a batch of samples, and the first afternoon sold 125 pairs at a profit of 25/-(£2.50) per pair.



DESIGNER KENNETH PIRRIE.

— THOMAS WARDLE —

IT was not a rocketing overnight success story for the man who made "I Luv Thomas Wardle Clothes," though the phrase is now almost a teenage password.

Steady work, a discerning eye, and lots and lots of business acumen have been the success formula for Thomas Wardle, 37.

Genial and affable, he is nevertheless a shrewd businessman, who has built his Flinders Lane business up from one employee (himself) in October, 1963, to 187—there are 27 in the Wardle headquarters now, with another 160 employees in four factories.

Melbourne-born, and educated at Scotch College, the young Thomas Wardle had more perseverance than most, and spent 13 years in his first job with a wholesale dress material firm.

Then followed three years with Felicity Fitchett, one of the original "Young Designers" until her retirement to Sydney, where she pursued a new career, marriage.

His most valuable legacy from Miss Fitchett was the process of "fashion computing," which he explains as "the collection and collation of as much fashion information as is possible from every source here and abroad—feed this into one fashion-orientated person, and the human computer comes up with the right answer."

Miss Fitchett's retirement prompted drastic action from Mr. Wardle, who felt he had "been in the employ of" long enough. He decided to begin on his own.

He recalls: "Soon afterward, I woke up one night in a cold sweat wondering what on earth I had done. But fortunately I had immediate success with a very popular baby-doll dress."

He aims to sell to youth at a price within the grasp of the average working teenager.

Mr. Wardle believes that women are the best designers, and employs several bright young women in this field.

But he himself takes a major role—he studies fashion closely on various trips abroad each year, interprets the new lines to suit Australian conditions, and then directs the designing in his own workrooms.

For Mr. Wardle fashion is not merely a job. It envelops him totally, seven days a week, even in his home, where his wife, Noelle, is another valuable adviser.



THOMAS WARDLE checks sketches and designs with Anne Price, fashion co-ordinator.

● Next week see color pictures of designer garments and times and places of store parades throughout Australia.

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given a unique, subtle fragrance
of pine woods and bracken.
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PO 5 FPC.

Spring shows keep viewers switching

● This is the time of year when the TV channels are launching a lot of new offerings. Viewers will have their work cut out to keep up with the best shows.

SYDNEY'S TV channels launched their spring TV season last week, presenting a varied bag of shows.

The start of the season, for me anyway, meant a lot of late nights and frustration.

After three evenings of solid watching, I would have liked to say a few words to the top brass at all the channels about giving us poor viewers a go.

Their competitive urge often means viewers miss out altogether on good programs that could well brighten other dreary timeslots.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, the clash of programs at 9.30 — one of the starved timeslots — is a good example of this.

It takes a keen viewer to stay with the programs until 9.30 — and later, too.

I wonder how Barry Jones feels, with his excellent current-affairs program, "Encounter," banished by Gordon Chater's new show to the limbo of 10.30 p.m., Mondays?

A lot of channel-switching is necessary to keep up with the new programs.

On Monday night I saw, first, the premiere of ABC-TV's "The Invaders" — had to miss all but a 15-minute slice of "Ironside," with Raymond Burr, a great favorite of mine, to hurry back to ABC-TV to see "Under Attack," at 9 o'clock.

I had to leave it before it

By
NAN MUSGROVE

finished to watch "The Gordon Chater Show" premiere, but followed it by sitting glued to the chair for "Encounter."

To see Tuesday's new ABC-TV show, "Breaking Point," I had to miss "Star Trek." To see the beginning of the conclusion of "The Fugitive," I had to miss out altogether on the new series of "George and the Dragon" and "Impact."

Television

Missed all but the first half hour of TCN9's "Tonight" show, so I could see ABC-TV's new series of "Love Story."

Wednesday night at 7.30, there was TCN9's premiere of "The Road West." At 8.30 "The Shifting Heart," an Australian play, was on ABC-TV with Madge Ryan. And at 9.30 there was a choice between ATN7's "Motel," a new series of ABC-TV's "Survey," and Graham Kennedy's "In Melbourne Tonight."

When the spring season settles, I know I will always watch "The Invaders," will stay up late to watch "Love Story" and "Encounter," won't miss TCN9's "The Road West," a traditional Western on which I dote.

TWO happenings I find hard to believe are scheduled for TCN9 this week.

Would you believe middle-aged Mrs. Miller (the housewife who has made a pop-singing career by singing off-key) as a saloon chanteuse in "The Road West," singing "Why Don't the Men Propose?" . . . Sammy Davis Jr. in a dance duel with Liberace in Sunday's "Hollywood Palace"?

I can believe Mrs. Miller, but what does Liberace do with that gleaming fixed smile and his candelabra as he tries to outdance Sammy?

And did you know that Liberace has two candelabra welded on the back bumper-bar of his car — one each end?

Chater show is a good one

THERE is no more professional nor better produced variety show on TV than the new Gordon Chater show.

Variety shows, in time, all seem to settle into a popularity based on a love-hate relationship between the compere and the viewer. Years on TV haven't tarnished Chater's popularity yet.

His new show is a good one, with a lot of comedy (I like the running gag with Leonard Teale of "Homicide") and with sketches and



LEFT: Roy Thinnes as David Vincent in "The Invaders," the ABC's science-fiction drama, shares a tense moment with Diane Baker, the only girl he trusts in a terrifying world.

general go-on from the two very competent principals, Gordon Chater and Miriam Karlin, interspersed with variety acts.

I tired very quickly of Chater's and Miss Karlin's contrived, jealous contest over the announcement of the acts, with each competing for the honor, or each doing a bit, or phrase by phrase, or announcing it before the other got a chance. It was all right for one act, but act after act it got wearisome.

The big blot on the show for me was the sketch in the railway carriage, when tomato sauce dripped all over Chater's face. Splattering food all over himself and anyone handy, as in the restaurant scene, and dirty eating have become a Chater signature. I think it is childish and unfunny.

I hoped he had left it all behind him with "Mavis Bramston" and "McGooley." He should have.

No matter how good the actual variety part of a compere's show is, it is always something about the compere that makes the viewer "hate" relationship set in. This food go-on could start it with Chater.

★ ★ ★

PETER, Paul and Mary, here for their fourth Australian season, were in fine form when they made a brief singing appearance on TCN9's "Tonight" show, with John Laws.

Blonde Mary looks exactly the same, with her trend-setting fringed hair style that is duplicated in every hair color by Sydney's teenagers (and folk-singers). Peter and Paul have both discarded the trim-bearded look for a shaggy style.

Their hair is now worn longer at the back, Peter's beard is worn unbrushed, and Paul has shaved his off and favors a rather droopy-looking moustache in the Fu Manchu style.

What hasn't changed is their singing. It is as tuneful and compelling as ever.

While they are in Australia, Peter, Paul and Mary, who are tremendously popular with viewers, will make an extra-special special for TCN9.

Alien beings in human shape

"THE INVADERS," ABC-TV's new science-fiction series — starring sexy Roy Thinnes, who was so popular in "The Long Hot Summer" — is one of the few TV science-fiction series that has real nightmare quality (Mondays, 8 p.m.).

Thinnes, as young architect David Vincent, becomes privy to the knowledge that earth is being invaded by advance patrols of hostile aliens from a doomed planet.

He sees things no one believes, sees close associates die of "heart attacks" as the aliens take over their human forms, sees frightening evidence everywhere of the alien takeover.

The awful thing about it is that everything and everyone is normal to everyone but him.

A town bought by an alien "businessman," to be the aliens' headquarters, is a frightening place.

Vincent is befriended by the only normal girl in it, dark Diane Baker. He clings to her sanity, takes her advice, finds in the last desperate moment that she, too, is an alien.

I was shaken myself when this happened, but Vincent plunged on in the nightmare.

Obviously, his discoveries are the end of his normal life, and he is going to spend the series trying to persuade other "normals" to believe in the aliens and their evil intent — that is if he can persuade anyone he is not neurotic or badly disturbed mentally.

By the end of the first hour, the producers of "The Invaders" had managed to transmit some of the rising

panic Vincent was experiencing to me.

Just as it finished, I had the ghastly feeling that the patient sheriff, who'd helped Vincent, was an alien, too.

I only hope "The Invaders" keeps up its first-episode standard. It was wonderful.

★ ★ ★

DIANE BAKER, the dark-eyed alien of Monday night's "The Invaders," turned up on Tuesday night as the last girl in the life of Dr. Richard Kimble (David Janssen), in "The Fugitive."

How Kimble had the emotional strength to pursue justice and deal with the girls who fell so madly in love with him, as he hunted the one-armed man, I don't know.

Diane turned up in the last one — as Jean Carlisle from Kimble's hometown, Stafford, where he lived till murder took his wife from him.

Obviously she has been nursing a deep and tender feeling for Dr. Kimble these past four years, and Kimble for her.

You can't beat Kimble. Tired and worn he may be, but he still makes the most of his sex appeal.

I don't know what the producers are going to pull out of the hat for the grand finale of "The Fugitive," for they seem to have told all in the first part of the finale, and Kimble, looking stunned, seems to have given up the struggle.

"The Fugitive" is one serial I think should have a sequel. Who doesn't want to know how Dr. Kimble settles down, or deals with the ladies who have loved him and kept him on the road for the past four years?

Is Jean Carlisle the girl who gets Kimble? Does he get her now or later, after he has gone back to all those girls he vowed he would return to?

Whatever he does, I hope he has a good rest first.



DAVID JANSSEN has really had a busy time in TCN9's "The Fugitive." As Dr. Richard Kimble, he has tangled with hundreds of girls. Here are two, Suzanne Pleshette (left) and Shirley Knight. Diane Baker (top picture) is the last girl in his TV life.



THE CADBURY CHOCOLATE PUDDING *of the YEAR.*

Here's the chocolate pudding to beat all chocolate puddings! It's light and moist. Velvety brown. Economical and easy to make. With the true chocolate flavour of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Give them a hearty helping, served steaming hot. They'll vote you cook of the year as well!



Also a warming, nourishing drink for all the family.

Give it the true chocolate flavour of **CADBURY'S**
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Ingredients:

3 ozs. shortening, 3 ozs. sugar, 6 ozs. self raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 large egg, 5 tablespoons milk, vanilla essence.

Method:

Sift flour, Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa and salt together. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Add the flour and milk alternately. Add essence. Pour pudding mixture into well greased pudding basin. Cover with greased lid of pudding basin or grease-proof paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Serve with canned apricots and cream. Alternately, well drained canned apricots may be placed in the bottom of the pudding basin before the uncooked mixture.

83/FPC/B

AT 23 MONTHS, MIRANDA GOES TO SEA

By GLORIA NEWTON

PREPARED for any sea squall, Miranda loves helping her father, Captain Mike Kichenside, to steer the old sailing ship New Endeavour.

— Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt



MIRANDA KICHENSIDE, daughter of the skipper of the three-masted sailing ship New Endeavour, is certainly a chip off the old block.

She has only been sailing "before the mast" since April, but no better sailor ever trod the ship's decks, and the rougher the weather, the firmer Miranda's tread.

The only worry on her handsome father's mind is what is going to happen when Miranda has to go to school — she is only 23 months old.

Captain Mike Kichenside decided to take his daughter with him after his wife was killed in a car accident early this year.

The New Endeavour was due to start its cruising season from Mackay, Qld. It takes some 20 passengers each ten days around the Whitsunday Passage.

"My wife's relations would have been only too happy to

have looked after her," he told me before he left Sydney, "but I felt I just couldn't leave her behind."

"Perhaps some will think I am selfish, but I don't think I am. She will have a father with her. She will be my daughter rather than a little orphan."

"Anyway, this is rather like an experiment. I'll see how she settles down to living on board. She is independent, intelligent, and certainly no namby-pamby, and as soon as we get up north I'm going to teach her to swim."

A family and many friends

That was in April. From latest reports, Miranda is proving a first-class sailor.

Her father bought her a set of oilskins, she has her own lifebelt and — for very rough weather — a harness which keeps her safely anchored to the ship's compass pedestal.

Because of its size, the

New Endeavour is necessarily an intimate ship, so Miranda has a whole family — the crew — and hordes of friends — the passengers who board the ship each ten days.

Captain Kichenside's problems about special food for Miranda have been made easy by a Mackay supermarket which has it all packed and ready to load each time the ship ties up.

Like any true sailor, Miranda has adapted herself to a routine. When the passengers are at lunch, the little girl takes her nap. After an early dinner, she goes straight to bed.

"What impresses us most," said one of the crew, "is the way Captain Kichenside asks no help in looking after Miranda. He bathes and dresses her early each morning and takes her up on deck with him before breakfast."

"She is no trouble at meal-times. She feeds herself. Anything she doesn't particularly like goes over the side in typical seaman fashion."

MIRANDA shares the captain's cabin with her father, Captain Kichenside. The child happily sticks to routine sleeping hours.



JET MSA TO FUNTASIA

THE EXOTIC EXCITING HOLIDAYS



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only MSA jets to it all from Australia
Australia's new holiday land is just a few jet hours away. It's all the unexpected lands next door... Singapore, Malaysia, Djakarta, Thailand, Borneo, Hongkong, the Philippines, Japan, Cambodia and Taiwan. Places you've only read about and never thought of visiting. But you should, and you can, for MSA's Boeing 707s now depart three times weekly from Australia for FuntAsia. Read about the special low fares!

FUNTASIA CITIES

They're different from anything you're used to! They're different from anything you'd expect! For instance, you've probably thought of Hongkong as a city where people live on junks and sampans. Some do...but only in the small fishing villages. The city itself is a miniature New York...a cosmopolitan skyscraper city! And what do you know of Kuala Lumpur? It's a city of contrasts...again, modern skyscrapers but interspersed with the spires and minarets of Moorish style mosques. And Bangkok, with its golden domes glistening in the sunlight, or Manila, a blend of modern American and old Spanish! These are but a few of the FuntAsia cities that will surprise you...why not see them all.



FUNTASIA SIGHTS

See a Thai boxing demonstration...the contestants use not only their fists, but their arms, legs and feet as well! And the bout is fought to the accompaniment of a pipe and drum band. Visit Angkor Wat, north of Phnom-Penh, and wander the ancient mystery shrouded ruins at night led by village girls with smoking torches. From Manila, take a trip to the Mayon Volcano, the world's most perfect cone. Visit Tokyo, the world's largest city, stroll beneath the brilliant dazzle of neon signs along the famed Ginza or witness the incredibly precise tea ceremony. In Singapore, photograph the bizarre collection of statues and caricatures depicting ancient Chinese legends in the Tiger Balm Gardens, and watch the exhausting and acrobatic Lion and Dragon dances through the main city centre. In Kuala Lumpur, turn the corner of a steel and glass skyscraper to suddenly enter a Moorish style mosque complete with spires and minarets, for it's really a city of contrasts. Here in FuntAsia are sights you cannot possibly imagine, sights so unusual and exciting that you'll never forget them. It's all happening right next door to Australia, just a few jet hours away by MSA Boeing!

Asia[®]

LANDS NEXT DOOR

Here's an exciting new holiday land for you to enjoy... MSA's FuntAsia! Nowhere else on earth is there so much variety, excitement, fun! And it's all so close to Australia... just a few jet hours away by MSA, the biggest airline in South East Asia. No other airline can show you FuntAsia, because no other airline flies to it all. For twenty-one years MSA have been operating in FuntAsia, and now that their route extends to Australia, you can fly with them to the many fascinating FuntAsia lands from Sydney or Perth! And where can you go on your FuntAsia tour? To any or all of these exciting lands... Japan, Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, Singapore, Hongkong, Borneo, the Philippines, Indonesia, Taiwan... not even Marco Polo saw them all. But you can, with FuntAsia's own experienced airline, MSA. Write today for your copy of the colourful FuntAsia booklet... just clip the coupon and mail it, then start packing. The most exciting holiday of your life is awaiting you right "next door" in MSA's FuntAsia!

FUNTASIA PEOPLE

Friendly, smiling and happy... these are the people of FuntAsia. Chinese, Malay, Indian, Thai, Japanese, Filipinos, Ibans, Dyaks, Indonesians, Eurasians, Arabs, and the many Europeans who have forsaken their homelands to live in the wonderful lands of FuntAsia.



FUNTASIA TRANSPORT

Like everything else here, it's different and in great variety. Rickshaws, sampans and junks in Hongkong, a cable car in Penang, gaudily painted jeeps in Manila, the world's fastest train and largest monorail in Japan, are but some of FuntAsia's forms of transport.



FUNTASIA AIRLINE

MSA... the biggest airline in South East Asia is the only airline that serves all of FuntAsia from Australia. It's the airline that knows FuntAsia best, for it's flown the orient for twenty-one years. MSA's Boeings, the biggest newest Boeing 707s in the world, speed you to FuntAsia from Sydney and Perth. En route you'll be pampered by superb Silver Kris service, be waited on by gracious stewardesses. And, you choose the entertainment you want from your personal 8 channel hi-fi console, featuring the music of FuntAsia... Chinese, Malay, Tamil, or English... the choice is yours and individual headsets let you listen in private.



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Even less from Perth

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FUNTASIA BARGAINS



Just about anything you can name is a bargain in FuntAsia! In duty-free Singapore, Penang and Hongkong you'll buy cameras, transistors, recorders, watches, jewellery etc., at prices often lower than in their country of origin. As for souvenirs, they're so ridiculously cheap as to be almost unbelievable!

JETMSATO FuntAsia[®]

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Julie Andrews plays Gertrude Lawrence . . .



JULIE ANDREWS (as Gertrude Lawrence) sings "The Physician" from Cole Porter's "Nymph Errant." "Star!" reflects the flamboyance of show business in an era of exciting, larger-than-life big-time entertainers.

● As the star of "Star!" Julie Andrews will sing songs by Cole Porter, Gershwin, Noel Coward, and Kurt Weill, all "greats" among the theatrical songwriters. "Star!" is the musical biography of Gertrude Lawrence, the glittering entertainer of the 'twenties and 'thirties who was the toast of Europe and America. A Twentieth Century-Fox release.



COMING TO New York in 1924, Gertrude Lawrence (Julie Andrews) bowls the town over by singing "Limehouse Blues" (right), portraying an oriental girl in London's old-time, sleazy Limehouse area. Left, Julie as G.L. off-stage.



.in STAR!



MICHAEL CRAIG, one of the men stars of "Star!" plays Sir Anthony Spencer, in love with G.L. (Julie Andrews). Here they both are in a fancy-dress party scene.

GAY AND CHIC, Gertrude Lawrence was famed for her dressing, and in re-enacting her life Julie Andrews wears 124 different outfits, including the dress at left.



G.L.'s HUSBAND, Richard Aldrich, is played by star Richard Crenna, seen here with Julie in a scene. Gertrude Lawrence also had a teenage marriage which had failed.



NOEL COWARD, Gertrude Lawrence's close friend, is a star role for Daniel Massey. Left, he and Julie re-enact — in the Lord Chamberlain's office to avoid censorship — a bold scene from "Private Lives."

Continued

on page 23

Page 21



White-banded flounces drift deliciously in a sheer fantasy of fabulous colour. Underneath, there's sleeping beauty in the smoothness and luxury of a soft tricot jersey night-shift. Beautiful dreamer! By NOVITA in BRI-NYLON. The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care, long loving wear, of colour-fast clothes that keep their shape. No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved. That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of unfussable Bri-Nylon, a promise kept.

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'Bri-Nylon' is
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**Unfussable Bri-Nylon
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Brights!'**

Continued from page 21

OLD MUSIC-HALL favorite "Burlington Bertie from Bow" is sung by Julie — this scene goes back to the days when Gertrude Lawrence was appearing in revue in London in the early 'twenties.



STAR!

● Glitter, gaiety, song, and spectacle mark Twentieth Century-Fox's film "Star!" As Gertrude Lawrence, dazzling star of the past, Julie Andrews makes it another sweet sound of music.



JULIE ANDREWS and DANIEL MASSEY (as Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward) sing "Has Anybody Seen Our Ship?" from the "Red Peppers" act in Coward's "Tonight at 8.30." Daniel is Raymond Massey's son. Noel Coward knew G.L. all her life, from her debut in cheap English music halls to her big Broadway successes. He created much material for her — spoken as well as sung — and co-starred with her in smash hits of the period, like his own "Private Lives" and "Tonight at 8.30."



POSING — as G.L. in 1925 — for photographers, Julie adopts the attitude favored by stars of the day, showing what was then considered "lots of leg."

"MY GARDEN OF JOY" is the song Julie sings as she plays Gertrude Lawrence in the role of one of the Daffodil Girls at the Swansea Music Hall in 1916. (Picture at left.)

There's never been a better time to buy your NEW Sunbeam

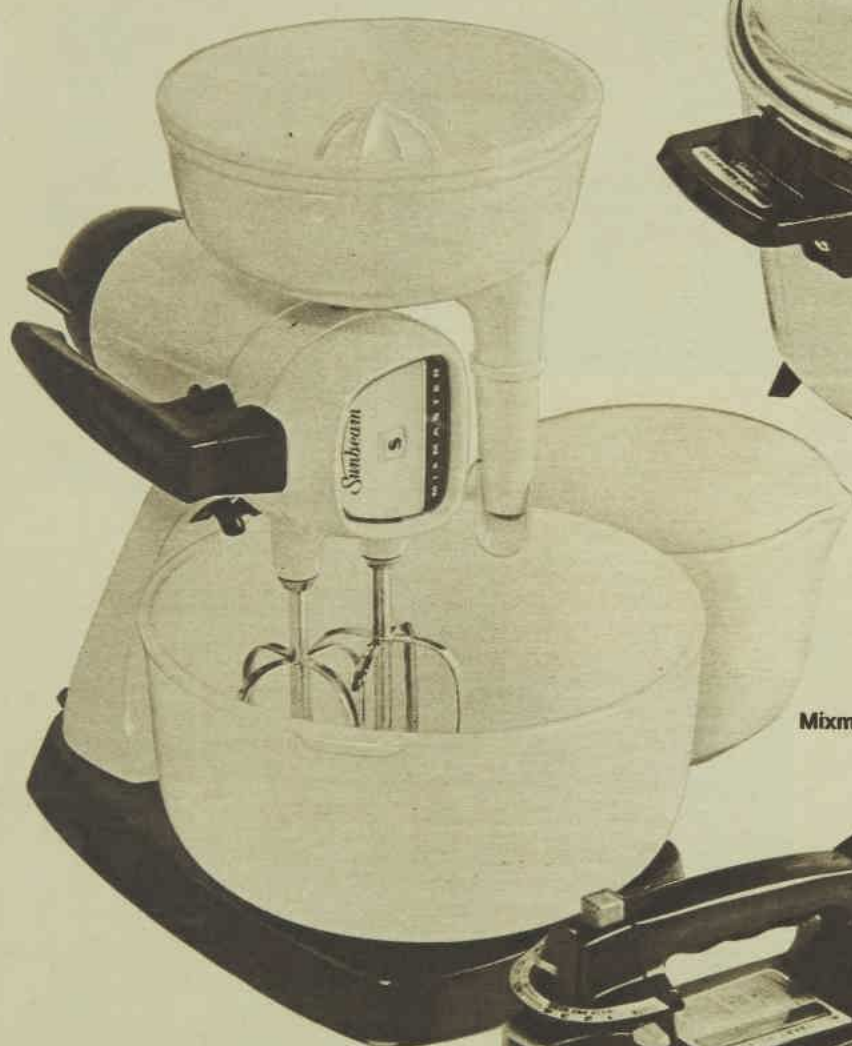
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There are great new products from Sunbeam...new improvements, even greater efficiency, more convenience. All in all, your new Sunbeam will make your life so much easier, and give you real pride of ownership. Sunbeam retailers everywhere are waiting to show you the improvements that lift traditional Sunbeam quality even higher...and to show you how easy it is to own the new Sunbeam you want. Look for the "Winter Bonus" signs today. Now is the best time to buy...for gifts or for yourself, or to replace that faithful old Sunbeam, or that other brand, and enjoy all the new improvements, that only a new Sunbeam can give.

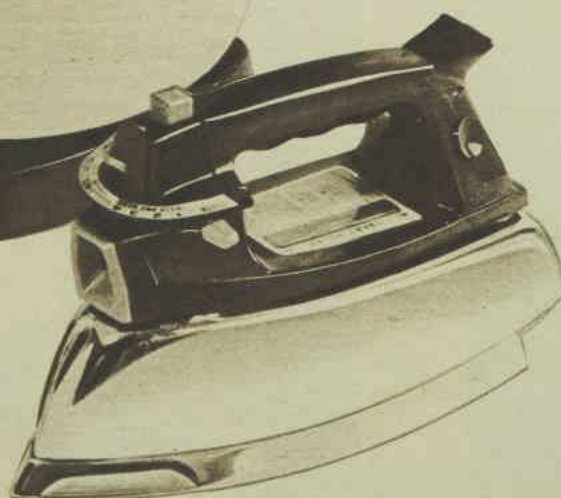
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Sunbeam Spray, Steam and Dry Iron, with fast-heating element, friction-free sole plate and 36 steam holes gives greater volume of steam, takes most of the effort out of ironing. **Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer** has powerful motor with automatic control and 12 speed settings, does the biggest mixing job. Attachment available for juicing, blending, mincing, slicing and shredding. **Sunbeam Deep-fry Cooker**, stews, bakes, boils and steams, has removable automatic temperature control. Of lightweight

polished aluminium, has fast-heat in-built element. Special rice basket available. **Sunbeam Power Blender**, with powerful 2-speed motor. Large 2-pint capacity, with stainless steel cutters; blends, chops, grates, grinds, liquefies and purees. Complete with two blend and store jars.

THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE





PASTORAL SCENE —in drought, and after the rains

ABOVE: Under a fierce February sun in a season of drought, listless sheep encrust the rim of a shrunk waterhole in paddocks drab with parched summer grasses. But within a few months rain has transformed the scene to its usual lushness — see below — with quietly grazing stock and a brimming waterhole reflecting a blue June sky. Both these pictures, of pastoral country around Healesville, Vic., were taken by Mr. J. O. Colahan, of Cheltenham, Vic.

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA





**'This is the year
of the Curl...
Darling!'**

*and with Fashion Quick
a Curl can't go wrong!*

Fashion Quick is a curl treatment for the hair. Don't say Home Perm, darling. Sounds too...last year! Fashion Quick is easy to use. Neat. Fast (25 minutes!). Gives shape and body to your hair. A bold hold to your set. Fashion Quick wave lotion is lavished with lanolin to keep hair polished with nourishment. The conditioning foam neutralizer is in a ready-to-use squeeze bottle. Easy! No fuss—no frizz—just soft silky curls to toss and tumble!



ONLY \$1.45

ANNE GORDON, Richard Hudnut's Hair Care expert says: "hair that's been treated with Fashion Quick can do anything! Change

style every week! Of course, length and condition of hair is important." For personal advice, write Anne Gordon, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.

● Gloria Guinness, right, one of the world's best - dressed women, wife of wealthy financier Loel Guinness, is also a widely read journalist in the United States. Here she takes a look at mothers' present-day attitude to the young and sums it up under the heading . . .



When women do nothing!

THERE we are, happily frustrated, doing nothing—arranging chairs, talking to carpenters, hanging pictures, smoking like chimneys, fiddling with our hair, looking for a mirror, overdoing the face powder and the lipstick, thinking of how fat or thin we are getting, glancing at our neck and wondering if we will ever have money to lift it and whom are we going to fool if we do.

In any case, there we are, doing nothing—worrying about the children and about how expensive life has become for everybody, but mostly for the young, and wondering how on earth we are going to help them.

How can they afford mini-skirts when the shorter they get the more expensive they are?

And the boys . . . Heavens, the boys! Paying for their hairstyles is ruining them.

Those poor boys. The last time they had long hair was when they were two years old, and they had it cut short for free because we did it for them. They hated looking like girls!

And now they wear it long-long, and they color it blond, black, and red, just like the girls, and that must cost money, a lot of money.

They also like it curled, and that, we know, is terribly expensive.

And then those dandruff lotions! They spend a fortune on them. If only they washed themselves!

And how about those velvet suits and the ruffled shirts and the pointed-toe shoes! There really is no money that can pay for all those things.

And still, they do them. So there we are doing nothing—just wondering how they do it.

We move chairs from one side to another, near the light, for reading. But we don't read, we move the rug—for it really is better in the other room. We prepare dinner. We wash our hands and we notice the broken nails and we swear.

And then we think of the girls. Those poor little girls. How are they going to pay

for all those stockings? And the boots! They cost a fortune!

And the crazy swinging belts, and those ghastly diets. All that food all wasted! And all their money going on cigarettes! Cancer? So there we are, worrying again and doing nothing.

We go to the girls' rooms. Chaos! Red, green, and black stockings all over the place. Boots on the bed and the floor. Electric curlers in the basin, false eyelashes on the soap. Wigs and bits of false hair over the lamps.

Who is ever going to clean all that mess? We! So, there we are, picking things up—and doing nothing.

We go to the boys' rooms. Deodorant bottles on the floor. Sweaty ruffled shirts on the bed. Electric curling irons in the basin. Empty bottles of men's lotions. They need it like crazy! It must be all that frantic dancing. It makes them sweat so.

**"We are old-fashioned and
cowards and it is too
late for us to change . . ."**

We do hope the lotions hide the smell, because they do smell. We mean the boys, not the lotions. So we do nothing.

We concentrate and begin to tidy things up. They will be furious. They like their messes. It makes them feel safe. They know where they have left their sweat; no, we mean their dancing, sorry, their lotions.

If we tidy up, they won't find their hair, and without their hair they can't curl their irons, and without their dance they won't find their shirts. It is all terribly confusing, not only for them but for us, too.

And the girls, what will they do if they can't find their lashes? They might take the soap. No, that isn't so. But if we clean the soap they might lose their eyelashes. So what do we do? We do nothing.

We start to make their beds, trying not to disturb a thing. We don't dare touch those electric irons. We can

see that they are not plugged in, but just the same they are awfully near the water and we are old-fashioned and cowards. So we do nothing.

We take the boots and start to clean them and then we try them on. Not bad. We put on a ruffled shirt. Not bad. We try the deodorant. It is good. The lotions, delicious. The black stockings, not bad at all.

The mini-skirt and the golden chain belt, just perfect. We try a wig, and we are lovely!

We find a record-player and we play a tune. This really is it. So now we really do nothing.

We look for some makeup. We find some unsappy eyelashes and some very black eyeliner and we get to work. Our eyes begin to look like a frog's, but never mind, that is the fashion.

We caress our face with some kind of base, so thick and smooth one feels one has

a mask on. But never mind, that is the fashion.

We find some pale, pale lipstick and we get a shock. We look as though we were on our last breath. But we remember that that is how the girls look and we feel better.

So now we are really doing nothing. We take a good look at ourselves in the mirror—and there, looking at us, straight in the eyes, is someone we have never seen before.

And now we know why the children spend all that money and work so hard on their looks. They just want to be different—not from anybody else but from themselves.

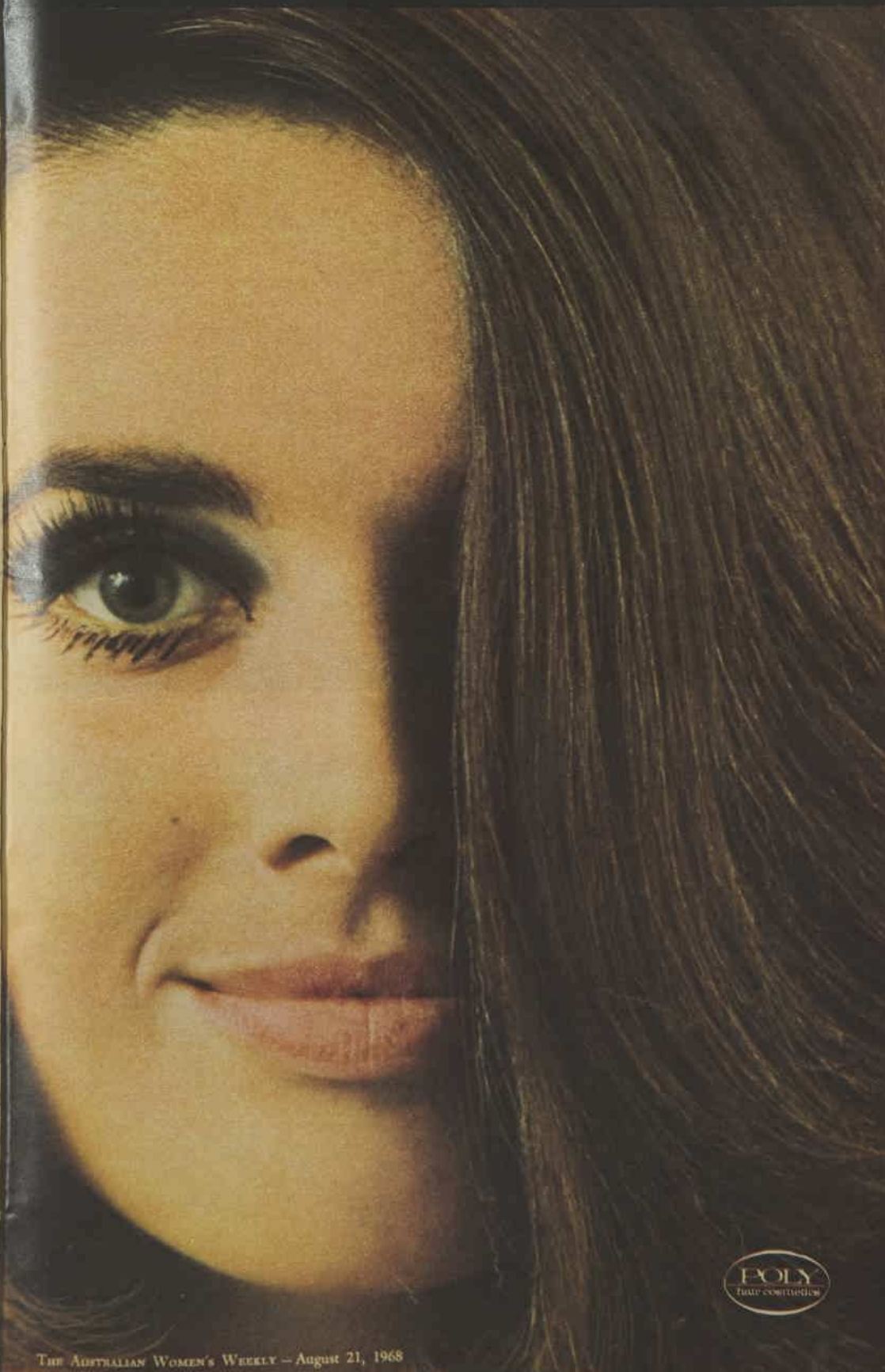
And we wonder why, and we worry, but we do nothing. We are old-fashioned and cowards and it is too late for us to change. We prefer to remain the way we are, happily frustrated, doing what we have always done. Nothing!

● Published by courtesy of "Harper's Bazaar."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 21, 1968

Dear Polly,

"I'm scared of hair colouring. My hair's mousy and dull-looking and I desperately need a change. But I want to be sure it'll look good when I'm finished."



Changing the colour of your hair is easy these days. You just shampoo in Polycolor. With Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring your hair always looks completely natural. You can darken or deepen the present colour of your hair or make a complete change — there are 20 shades to choose from. The colour covers up to 30% grey and lasts a month or more...then you just shampoo in Polycolor again!

No need to worry about results either. Polycolor was first developed on the Continent and is now used successfully by women all over the world. It's a cream shampoo hair colouring that's mistake-proof as well as simple to use...And special conditioners in Polycolor will leave your hair sleek and shining and naturally healthy.

P.S. For very grey hair, you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W., 2163, or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

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At Pharmacies and Department Stores... ask the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor about the fine range of Poly Hair cosmetics.

PC1A/68



Varicose veins?

Lots of people share your problem
Scholl understand it

and make Soft Grip stockings to help you!



Scholl know just how your legs ache when you have varicose veins. That's why they make Soft Grip to stretch two ways for the firm control and real relief you need. Soft Grip Stockings support your legs so firmly yet so gently you'll forget you have varicose veins. And Scholl understand that you do care how you look. So Soft Grip Stockings do more than hide those unsightly veins—they are made without a tell-tale seam or hem or ridge. Under ordinary nylons no one will know you have them on. What people will notice is the new lightness Soft Grip have given your step.

Scholl

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ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS

Now you feel yourself again with lively, shapely legs ... in Scholl Soft Grip the ache is just a memory.

From Chemists, Stores and Scholl shops.

(Advertisement)



A Good Rule for Beauty

SKIN cleansing is the basis of complexion care; and it is an important rule to follow as correct cleansing removes all traces of sallowness and leaves the complexion with a sparkling beauty.

To preserve beauty, all skins should be cleansed with a non-detergent milk such as the Delph cleansing milk. Try using a complexion brush as this will cleanse and stimulate in a gentle action whilst the toning properties of the beauty lemons in the Delph cleanser help keep complexions fair and lovely. Delph cleanser dissolves all soluble particles of make-up, grime and skin impurities, cleansing away in a gentle milk, conditions that can lead to blackheads, acne and dry ageing lines. Delph cleansing milk will not dry the skin as it contains no detergents, only the finest of beauty oils and emollients to leave the skin clear, soft and lovely. Your chemists or favourite beauty counter can supply your needs of this beautifying cleanser.

OPEN-PLAN SHOWPLACE

HOUSE of the WEEK

TIMBER from flooded gums, the "tall white ladies of the forest" and one of Australia's loveliest eucalypts, has been used for the exterior walls of Mr. and Mrs. Keith McMillan's striking new home at Wauchope, N.S.W.

Wauchope is in the heart of timber country and the McMillans wanted a house that would incorporate local timbers showing them to their best advantage. Mr. McMillan, a sawmill, milled all the timber used in the house in his own sawmill, many of the logs being made available from local forests by the Forestry Commission.

The house, designed by architect David Hanly, overlooks a golf course, and Mr. and Mrs. McMillan and their three school-age sons, Stephen, Paul, and Scott moved in last November.

Interior walls of the house are of forest oak and blue gum, ceilings are made of brush box, exterior and interior beams are tallowwood, and all window frames, doors, and built-in furniture are made from red cedar. Wardrobe doors are so heavy Mrs. McMillan had to get especially strong handles and locks fitted to keep them closed.

For protection against the weather the external woodwork was given three coats of a special stained oil mixture with a fungicide additive (the fungicide prevents timber going black).

Interior woodwork is painted with a polyurethane coating to give it a satin finish.

Floors are concrete. First a felt base was laid on them, then a rubber base, and finally the carpet or linoleum (both are gold-patterned).

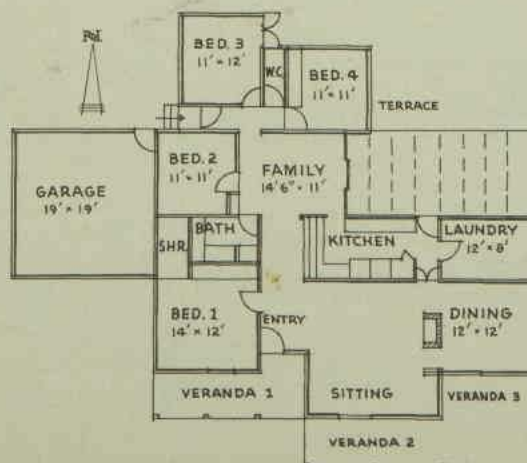
Ceilings follow the pitch of the roof and are insulated by polystyrene an inch thick.

Full-length sliding glass doors and windows let in a lot of light and the open-plan living area gives a feeling of great spaciousness.

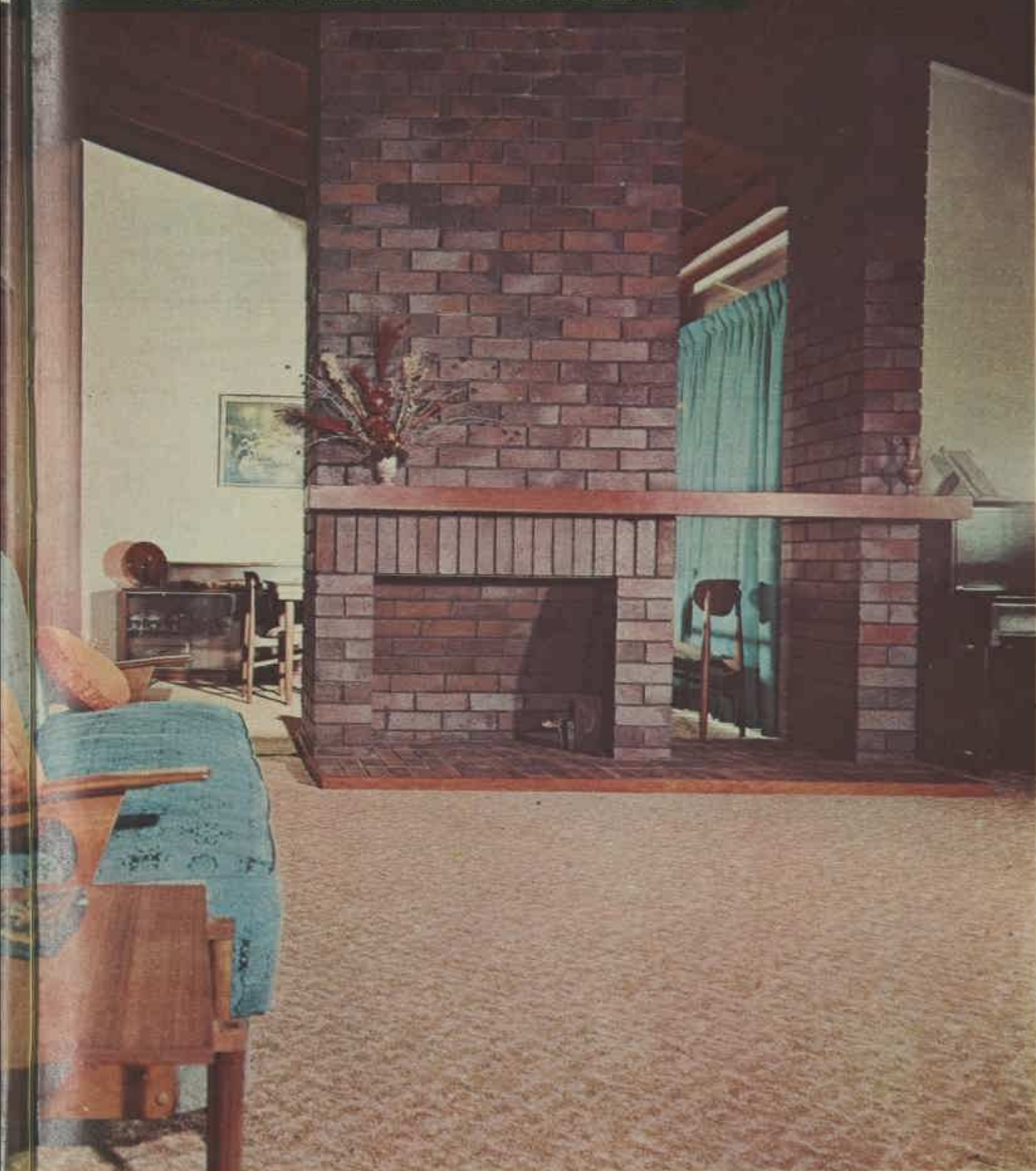
A sliding glass door is also used to partition off the shower recess in the boys' bathroom. Lighting in both bathrooms comes from a fluorescent strip set behind a jutting wooden panel above the mirror. And even in the bathrooms timber makes an attractive appearance, for the mirrors are set in walls of blue-gum panelling.

— LORRAINE SMITH

Pictures: HON BERG



OF AUSTRALIAN TIMBERS



Corner of the living-room showing sloping ceilings of brush box. Natural light enters through glass panes set above the timber wall. Door leads to master bedroom.

Yellow orchids in a tub make a gay show in front of the house. Keen gardeners, the McMillans have a large collection of rock lilies, native orchids, and potplants.



Forest oak is used for this striking wall that links living-room and dining-room. An unusual spotted effect in the timber was achieved by sawing boards at an angle. Freestanding fireplace is of clinker bricks.

Weighing three tons this unique numberplate had to be lifted into place by a crane. Terra-cotta tiles have been used for house roof. Glass panes high up between the two roof levels let in natural light.

The kitchen, looking out through living-room and front door to golf course; Mrs. McMillan is a keen golfer. Nine-foot-long bar counter is ideal for family meals. Cupboards are red cedar with tallowwood posts.



who makes hurry-up
meals delicious...?

YOU...and...

Chef Pak



Try this Beef Steak Dumpling Supreme

Take this mouth-watering combination of tender premium beef steak and dumpling, chef-cooked to a recipe just as you'd make it yourself.

Now, to make a delicious "hurry up" meal, you simply serve Beef Steak and Dumpling with baby carrots, green peas and sauté potato rings. For an exotic touch, add a sprinkle of paprika over the dumpling and watch your family go for this tasty, nourishing meal.

To heat Beef Steak and Dumpling just take Chef Pak from the freezer, no need even to thaw, and place in a moderate oven for 40 minutes.

Four different inviting Chef Pak treats—the basis for unlimited delicious "hurry up" family dinners or friendly buffet parties.



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349 Ascot Vale Rd., Moonee Ponds, Victoria, 3039.

Please send me your new FREE Chef Pak Recipe Folder.

Name

Address



Mum was hauled into court for speeding!

READER'S
STORY

What's it like, to have to stand up before the magistrate and face a charge like some petty criminal? Absolutely awful, and something she never wants to face again, says a Western Australian mother who was fined for driving her car at 45 mph in a 40-mph zone.

AT 9 a.m. one Monday, I had just walked into the office and the phone rang. It was my younger daughter.

"Mum, DARLING, I've left my racing-bathers home. Will you be an angel and run them up to me?"

I am lucky. My employer lets me come and go pretty well as I please, as long as I keep up with all the work on hand.

I switched the phone through to the factory and drove off in my little sedan. Two miles home, another mile up to the high school, then back to work.

But on the way a big green car with two grinning male occupants stopped me and booked me for speeding.

I was furious. Almost everyone drives a few miles over the given limit, if all is clear. My life is extremely hectic, with a home, husband, three children, and a full-time job.

I just simply forgot all about the episode, until three months later I received a card asking me to collect a registered letter from the post office.

It was a summons to appear in court, charged with speeding. As I read it, I just went cold all over. The wording was so fearful.

"You may enter a plea — I plead guilty! . . . maximum penalty first offence \$100 . . . courts can and do suspend drivers' licences . . . give careful consideration . . . consult a solicitor."

Now I really felt sick. I had never been into a court in my life, nor ever consulted a solicitor.

Scruffy, untidy people

On the fateful morning, a month later, I was all ready. Suit pressed, gloves and shoes spotless. My husband nobly called to drive me to court.

"If you lose your licence you won't be able to drive yourself back, anyway," he informed me cheerfully.

Walking into that courtroom can go down in history as my most humiliating experience.

The policemen were smart and tidy. One young man in front of us was nicely dressed and very clean, but, my heaven, I have never seen such a concentrated mass of untidy, scruffy-looking men and women as were seated all around us.

A nice young policeman checked my name off his list and said, "It will not take long, Mrs. C—."

We snapped to attention, amid the shuffling rise of the crowd as the magistrate entered. The court was called to order.

A name was called and a man ushered through the little gate in the wooden railing to stand before the magistrate. He asked: "You are So-and-so?"

And the man replied, "Yes."

"Stand while the charges are read."

A policeman leaned forward and whispered and the man took a pace back-

ward and shuffled his feet while the police sergeant read the charges.

"That you did molest . . ." I just wished someone would drop a cent so I could get down and crawl under it.

Up they went, one after the other, all speeding, dangerous driving, or drunken driving charges now.

"Do you still plead guilty?"

"Have you anything to say?"

I sat stiff and straight beside by husband. How stupid could people be? One man said he drove over the double lines because his wife was talking too much.

A mini-skirted young woman said she was speeding because she thought the radar car was her boyfriend chasing her, and she was scared of him.

The magistrate droned on . . . "\$20 and a month's suspension, or three days in jail if not paid in seven days . . ." "\$40 and two months' suspension, or seven days in jail . . ." "\$100 and six months' suspension . . ." "\$60, a month's suspension . . ."

Held husband's hand

My husband whispered to me: "Tell them you have been driving for 16 years. You were taking the bathers up in time for her carnival. It wasn't a built-up area."

I settled with holding his hand. I was chilled right through.

When the nice young man in front of me was called, he replied to the magistrate's question of "Anything to say in your defence?": "Only that I definitely was guilty of speeding, sir, but I beg you not to suspend my licence as my job depends on it, and I have a wife and three children." He looked about 16.

The magistrate said, "\$40 and costs." Every fine was "and costs." These costs seemed to vary as much as the fines.

I was sitting up so straight I felt numb, and for a dreadful moment, when my name was called, I wondered if I would be able to walk!

The nice policeman ushered me through the little gate and I stood before the magistrate.

"You are Jennifer Anne C—?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you still plead guilty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stand while the charge is read."

"That you did on such and such a day, at such and such a time, drive such and such a vehicle at the speed of 45 mph in a 40-mph zone, on such and such a road."

"Have you anything to say in mitigation of this charge?"

"No, sir."

The magistrate looked over his glasses at me. I had spoken six words. He fined me \$10 and 90 cents costs, with no mention of jail or a suspension.

I said, "Thank you, sir," walked back and took my husband's arm, and went out past the sea of faces to the lovely fresh air.

One thing is sure. Here is one woman who will never exceed any given speed limit again as long as she lives.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



By TIM

Discover TAA's Australia



land of holiday places



TAA's Australia has everything. More snow country than Switzerland. More beaches for sunning and tanning than anywhere else in the world. More fun, and spectacular scenery than you could ever hope to see in a lifetime. Make this your year to discover TAA's Australia. Say when, where and how much . . . or choose from TAA's range of pre-planned Friendly Way Holidays featuring low

discounted prices. And don't forget that only TAA has the famous Ann Travaire women's travel advisory service to answer your every question. From Tasmania to the Tropics, fly TAA, your holiday airline, to a hundred places throughout Australia and Papua/New Guinea. Call or phone your Travel Agent, Tourist Bureau or TAA Travel Adviser for free brochures and prices. Call or phone today!



TAA
your holiday
airline



More like crystal than plastic

The new Breck shampoo Shower Pack. Unbreakable. 85cents

Breck believe in practicality. But equally so in beauty. That is why the new Breck Shampoo *shower pack* might be the most pleasing design you have yet seen in drop-proof plastic.

Inside is a shampoo quite unlike any other. For most shampoos today are basically synthetic detergents. Which, in the process of cleaning your hair, can strip away the natural, healthy oils which make your hair manageable, and shiny.

Breck does not have a synthetic detergent base. Breck leaves your hair superbly well-behaved; easy to manage, even though just washed. Soft, and as shiny as a hundred healthful brush strokes.

As there are three different types of hair, there are three different types of Breck Shampoo: Dry, Normal and Oily. One of them is made specially for your hair. And each formula is available in the new plastic shower pack. *At chemists and department stores only. 85 cents.*

An exclusive design feature: Beneath the black cap on this new Breck shower pack, is a special "twist-open/twist-close" device. It is there for two good, practical reasons.

One: to enable you to squeeze the exact amount of shampoo needed.
Two: to make your shampoo virtually spill-proof.

Breck for beautiful hair

The marble mountains of Carrara

—The white marble that bears the stories of the world's culture carved upon its thousand, thousand faces

THERE'S a place called Forte de Marmi, not far from Pisa, on the Tuscany coast at the tail of the Italian Riviera.

Just a few miles inland is the reed-filled lake where Puccini built his villa and entertained the great musicians and artists of the late 1800s and early 1900s, having them glitter across the lovely silence of the wild-goose waters, making his sojourn there into a marvelous self-woven tapestry of light and shade.

He would take them to see the Tower of Pisa by moonlight, they could watch the fishing boats come in to Reggio and the old galleon that is still there, anchored by the little river, or they could roam the forests by the sea, both pine and birch.

He died there, and their ghosts and pictures people the rooms about his crypt.

Forte de Marmi. The name means Port for Marble. In winter it goes to sleep.

Spring-cleaning

But come April, shutters begin to open. The bathing-houses that line the beach are spring-cleaned within an inch of their lives. Oh, what a painting and polishing goes on, how gay the colors come up.

How carefully the sand by the seashore is smoothed and rolled, fresh every morning, with some elegant pattern marked out on it for the tide to play with.

Up go the multi-colored umbrellas and the tune of gelati vendors is heard. German tourists begin to fill the hotels, driving over the Alps by the Brenner Pass. They lie in neat rows upon the beach. They call it the "Teutonic Grill."

Back behind the beach, beyond the pine forests, stone houses are white-washed anew, footsteps lilt on the tiled floors, and folk dine out under the mulberry trees.

Then, back again, back of the bright colored coastline, the sun begins to dazzle upon the white mountains. I thought they were snow peaks when first I saw them. "No, no," said Andracita, "no snow; marble."

This then, is the backdrop of Michelangelo's mountains. This is Carrara.

"My father was a sea captain," says Andracita. "He choose my name; my mother says why, have you then the girlfriend in the Spanish port?"

Andracita is fair and proud and has such a way with her. Her name may be Spanish, but her heart is all Tuscany. "Gino must drive the car," she says. "Me, I am afraid, I am just the frail woman."

So Gino takes the wheel when we go up into the marble mountains.

First we go by the port. For 2000 years boats have loaded here, filling their holds with Carrara marble, bound for all over the world. Ships of the Phoenicians, Roman and Greek triremes — outlandish vessels beating down through the Sea of Marmora with their sails full of the east wind — flat, duck-shaped barges and neat brigantines of Napoleon's France: all have carried the white marble that bears the stories of the world's culture carved upon its thousand, thousand faces.

Perhaps one could say that here is the womb from which sculpture was born.

This steep road that winds up and up (Andracita was right, it is no place for the squeamish driver) — it goes past vineyards and villages clinging like swallows' nests to the mountainside — traces 2000 years of the history of

By
H. F. Brinsmead

art. Why, Michelangelo was a newcomer! Only 500 years ago!

The castle on that hillside — that is where Dante loved to stay. Surely his "Paradise" bears the look of this countryside! Lorenzo de Medici passed along this way, riding up through this same village, which looked no different then.

At last we are at the top. Only a very brave driver, with very brave passengers, would take the track that doglegs over the summit. It is bordered, up and down, with ski-slopes of loose, glittering marble chips.

Below, the mountain gapes open; on a ledge there is a bulldozer and a hydraulic scoop.

We walk to the edge and now we can see how the marble is sliced out of the cliffs by means of a wire.



• Michelangelo's "Rape of the Sabines," carved from Carrara's famous marble.

The wire cuts great slabs, perfectly straight and smooth, from the rock. The mud on our shoes is pure white, a compound of corundum — used on the cutting wire — and marble dust.

There are a few stalls by the road, which we pass on our way down. They sell ornaments of delicate colors — marble can be treated with heat and chemicals to give it color — but best are the little snow-white bits of the fabulous mountains to take home and keep on the mantelpiece.

Andracita coos softly over them. There are perfect little Pietas — replicas of the tragic beauty that Michelangelo carved of the dead Christ and His Mother. Nobody asks who makes these uncountable copies, but they are handcarved, some exquisitely, in Carrara marble.

There are vases and lamps and doorstops and Donald Duck and dwarfs and mice and dogs and seals and flowers and so many, many Madonnas. One cannot decide which to take home.

"And you must consider the view!" cries Andracita. "See, there is the coast, far below. Past the vineyards and the cherry orchards, you may glimpse the sea. That way is La Spezia."

We know the road to La Spezia. Andracita drove us there — through the fishing village below the cliffs where

Byron loved to sunbathe and dream.

We bought cherries, early, and very red and we ate them all the time Andracita showed us the house where Shelley lived and the crescent of sundrenched beach where he bathed and from which he launched the boat that never returned.

We ate cherries and followed the road around the cliffs to incredible Portovenere, the fishing village that leans this way and that, never a straight window-sill, shamelessly pink houses against the wild cliffs that Byron loved so well.

For remembrance

On the way home, another driver had tooted at Andracita when the car stalled in traffic. Without a word, and with incredible dignity, she stopped the car, got out, and confronted him — and what a blast of vitriolic Italian seared the spring air of La Spezia!

When he was pulverised, stupefied, and completely demoralised, she drove on, her face wearing its usual winsome expression.

"He annoyed me," she said simply.

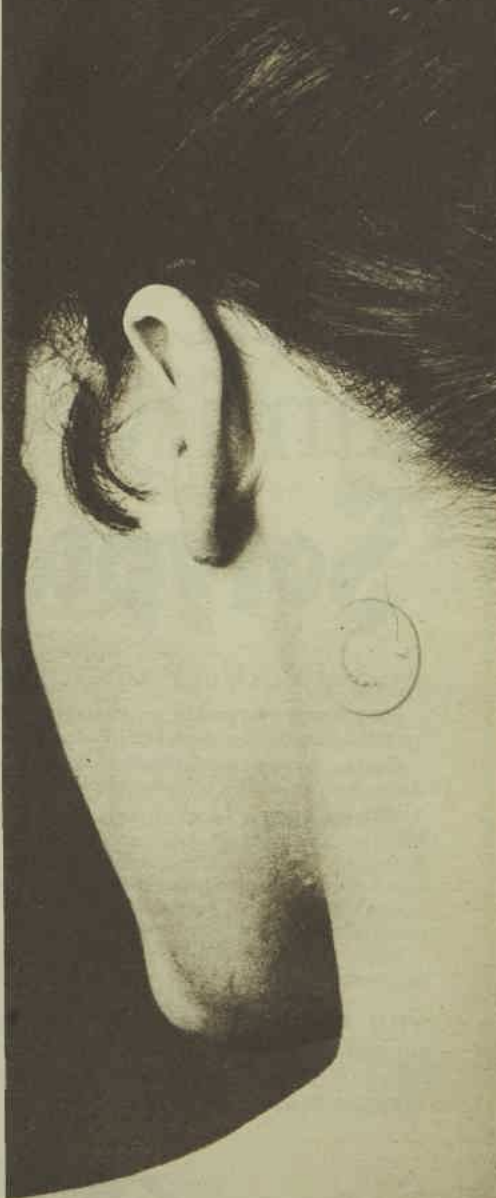
"Darling Andracita, this is for you — this tiny white marble gazelle! To remember us by!"

And so, each with a trinket — something small but eternal — we came down from the marble mountains.

Beauty spot

Your skin is flesh-coloured. BAND-AID Spots are, too. So they help hide little hurts while they hurry up the healing. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

BAND-AID
BRAND
patches-spots



Johnson & Johnson

BAK19WZ

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I speak on behalf of all men, women, and children in the country who are under the age of 53. We all have lost a dear friend, and a great benefactor, a man who preserved our health, spared us pain, insured that we got adequate sleep, and probably saved us from chronic dyspepsia.

ONE recent Saturday, there died in Princeton, New Jersey, Dr. Charles H. Smith, in the 93rd year of his age. You've never heard of him? Shame! Neither had I. Would it help at all if I told you that those in the know called him, affectionately, "Dr. Burp"?

Now I had always imagined that people had known, since the very dawn of time, that babies gulped down

air while they were feeding and that they needed to get rid of this air again before they could sleep peacefully and in comfort.

I would have imagined that Eve discovered the trick of burping Cain and Abel not too far outside the boundaries of the Garden of Eden (maybe Cain would have been better tempered if she had), and that our great-great-to-the-nth-degree cavewoman grandmothers slung their cavebabies up over their rather hairy shoulders and

pounded them energetically on the back so that there'd be peace and quiet in the cave at night.

It seems that this wasn't so. Many thousands of years had to pass, many millions of parents had to pace tens of millions of miles up and down in the middle of the night trying to silence screaming babies before 1915 brought "Dr. Burp" and his revolutionary new theories about getting baby's wind up before he was put to sleep.

Nobody believed him at first, of course, on the grounds that "what was good enough for my father . . ." and besides, any fool knew that all young nursing animals feed till they're full and then fall effortlessly to sleep, and only an idiot would stir them up and shake them round and give them indigestion and make them cry.

But Dr. Smith stuck to his guns. He said that it stood to reason that if you filled a baby up with food and wind and laid it down in a horizontal position, sooner or later it was going to get a pain in its tum and wake up feeling very cross about the whole thing.

What's more, he proved, by X-ray studies, just what those bubbles of wind were doing inside the tummies of some of his smallest patients.

Soon every nursing mother was being taught to hold her baby upright and burp it before putting it down to sleep (the first generation of grandmothers must have snorted with disapproval), and the world's total of man-, woman-, and child-hours of sleep was significantly increased.

The thought of all those contented babies, fast asleep while their contented parents had time for talk or telly or bridge, must have made Dr. Smith pretty contented, too.

The portrait that "died" before its owner

DO you believe in omens? Are you cast down when the tree you planted in a friend's garden dies when all the others grow, or when all the victims of the day's crop of murders round the world have the same christian names as yours?

And do you remember the story of Oscar Wilde's book "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and the rather horrifying movie that was made of it some years ago?

Dorian Gray was handsome, rich, elegant. He was also quite unusually wicked and corrupt. When he was a young man, his portrait was painted.

Time passed, and he got older and wickeder, but none of this — neither the age nor the immorality — showed in his face. He remained fair and smiling and young, but he began to notice that while he remained unchanged, his portrait was changing.

Very soon Dorian Gray found it necessary to hide his portrait away in a room where nobody else could ever see it. Slowly over the years the portrait went on changing, showing every mark of age and of vice that was absent from Gray's own face.

At the end of the film, when the still handsome and fine-looking Dorian Gray faced a portrait that showed him as the embodiment of evil old age, he suddenly died and turned instantly into a mass of corruption.

A cheery little moral story. Now some patient researcher, writing in one of the English literary journals, has come up with a story that may well be the source of Oscar Wilde's idea for his macabre book. It also shows how little superstitious omens troubled some 18th-century characters.

The story, found in an old book called "Sporting Days and Sporting Ways," by Ralph Nevill, tells how:

"Sir Walter Blacket paid Sir Joshua Reynolds two hundred guineas to paint his portrait, which was placed in the family mansion at Newcastle. Before, however, it had been there very long, the ladies of the house were terrified with a sudden alteration in the visage and even in the dress of this admired picture.

"The tints which gave animation to the countenance and the coloring of the drapery disappeared, and left on the canvas only a natural but elegant outline, when nothing less than death was foreboded from this extraordinary phenomenon."

The ladies of the house panicked. How could this mean anything but disaster? Either the master of the house was already dead, all those miles away in London, or he was at the point of death.

They sent a messenger, riding post haste, to discover and bring back the dreadful news. Sir Walter, found in London in the best of health, decided to travel back with the messenger and see for himself what all the flap was about. They showed him the dreadful portrait that once looked exactly like him and was now faded away to nothing but ghost outline of its former shape.

But Sir Walter, instead of shuddering with superstitious dread and fearing that the angel of death was hovering over him, roared with laughter, and coined this epigram:

The art of painting clearly was designed
To bring the features of the dead to mind,
But this damn'd painter has reversed the plan,
And made the picture die before the man.

Protect them! Make your family 'Solyptol Safe'

There's safety in Solyptol.

For sore throats, gargle with Solyptol solution. Throat and mouth are left clean, relieved and fresh. Perfect treatment for bad breath.

Cuts, bites and abrasions, bathe them with Solyptol Antiseptic. Heal them with Solyptol Antiseptic Cream.

When there is sickness in your home, prevent the spread of infection, keep a bowl of Solyptol solution in the sick room. With colds and flu it will help relieve stuffy nose, head and throat. Use Solyptol full strength to wipe over bathroom toilet fittings. Pour a capful of neat Solyptol Antiseptic into drains and sinks . . . prevents bacteria spread — makes them smell clean and sweet.

Add a few drops to the children's bath water. The clean eucalyptus oil in Solyptol will heal small cuts and abrasions.

YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC IN THE HOME
An antiseptic for every purpose . . . make it the best.
Solyptol Antiseptic and Solyptol Antiseptic Cream
available at all Chemists and Stores.



"We're looking for Australians who want to write."

One of America's leading women novelists offers advice to Australian women who want to write. She is one of 12 Famous Writers who have now brought their remarkable home-study school to Australia.

by Faith Baldwin



Although she brought up four children, Faith Baldwin managed to write more than 80 books many of them best-sellers. Now she offers encouraging advice to women who want to get more out of life.

I think it's very unfortunate that many women with real writing talent bury it under a mountain of dishes.

Actually, writing is an ideal profession for women. You don't have to be away from home . . . wondering what your children are doing. You can work right at home, on your own time. And for the woman who is tied down, writing is a wonderful emotional release, to say nothing of the extra income it can bring you.

There are many things only a woman can write about from first-hand experience. That's why—unlike many other fields—the welcome mat is really out for women in writing. Particularly here in Australia where there are so many women's magazines . . . all looking for fresh new material.

Don't say, "I don't have time"

Saying you "could write" if you "had time" is no excuse. The fact is, I've had a house to run most of my life.

Even without the responsibilities of a home, starting my career wouldn't have been easy. It's hard to learn to write when you're working all alone.

I've often wished that when I was in my twenties, I had known a professional writer who would have been honest with me. As it was, I learned by rejections and rewriting—by trial and error.

Years later, I began to wonder if there wasn't an easier way. Wouldn't new writers have a better chance of making good faster if they could get training in their own homes from successful writers?

A new kind of writing school

Several years ago such an opportunity became available for the first time to people who want to write. I was invited to join with eleven other authors to start the Famous Writers School. They included Bennett Cerf, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff; standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.



From l. to r. seated: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff; standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

hart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith and Rod Serling.

Our aim was to help qualified men and women develop their skill by sharing the secrets of our success with them.

We poured everything we knew about writing into a set of textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a system for giving every student, through home study, the many hours of individual guidance a developing writer needs.

You are a class of one

When you return an assignment, one of our instructors—who are all professional writers or editors—spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He edits your manuscript, just as my editors do. Then he sends it back to you with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

The assignments are simple at the start and gradually become more challenging. You learn step by step.

Students succeed all over the world

This training works well. Our students in America and in many other countries have been successful in selling their writing.

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California, sold an "Unforgettable Character" piece to the Reader's Digest. She says: "There's no question about it; without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Connecticut, writes: "Your course made it possible for me to sell six articles to American Woman's Day for \$2,050."

F. X. Duffy of Melbourne, Victoria, writes: "The Famous Writers School fiction writing course has enriched my life and my income beyond my dreams and aspirations. Currently in the hands of magazine editors are my latest efforts: 'The House Will Rise' (revised from assignment), 'Westward to Dorrigo', 'Dial S for Saigon'."

I. C. Cunningham of Hamilton, Bermuda, became the editor of a weekly newspaper in Bermuda. "Whatever success I've had as far as writing is concerned, I owe to the Famous Writers School," he says.

And Jane Reed of Liberia, West Africa, had two articles accepted for publication after finishing the first three assignments in the Course. She credits the Famous Writers School with helping her to do it.

Have you the urge to write? If so, get busy! It's a wonderful feeling to see your own name in print. And that first cheque, no matter what the size is, is one of the big thrills of a lifetime.

Trained writers needed in Australia

If you have a talent for writing, you are especially fortunate here in Australia. The opportunities for trained writers are growing every day. Magazine editors are looking for more stories and articles than ever before. Book publishers are searching for budding new authors.

The growth of advertising agencies, publicity firms, radio and television stations has created an urgent need for writers. Whether you want to work full-time or part-time, you can find the success you want as a writer in Australia today—if you have talent and develop it properly.

Writing Aptitude Test offered

We have devised a revealing Aptitude Test to help you find out if you have writing talent worth developing. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring you a copy—without charge—along with an illustrated brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded free by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test—or offer other evidence of writing aptitude—you may enrol for professional training by the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. Fill out the coupon for your free Test and mail it today.

Famous Writers School, A.D.C. Building,
189-193 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

**Famous Writers School,
A.D.C. Building,
189-193 Kent Street,
Sydney, N.S.W. 2000**

I am genuinely interested in finding out if I have talent worth developing. Please send me, without cost or obligation, your Famous Writers Aptitude Test and illustrated brochure describing your courses.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Circle one and please print.)
Address _____
Suburb _____ City _____
State _____ Postcode _____
FS164 WISWW

Cried yesterday ...



Smiles today ...

A photographer snapped this happy picture of Mary Jane today. "But yesterday," says her mother, "she cried all day, wouldn't eat either. Then I thought of Laxettes. She's happy as a lark today, eating well, too."

It's normally Mother Nature's job to keep children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, to restore your child's regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. Surely. No taste but the chocolate! Laxettes tonight, tomorrow, they're right.

Free: send for generous sample to Dept. A98, 121 Cremorne St., Richmond, Vic., 3121.

LASBWW

(Advertisement)

Lemons For Beauty

To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

Amazing Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight!

Needs no daily replacement



No more early morning 'denture fixing' sessions with adhesives. SNUG denture cushions hold plates firm for weeks, get rid of the annoyance of loose-fitting dentures completely.

One single application of SNUG denture cushions can last two to four months! SNUG cushions stay soft and pliable. They have no taste, and are quickly cleaned with the plates.

Eat, laugh, talk without embarrassment. Get SNUG denture cushions today — \$1.25 for two cushions (suitable for upper and lower dentures) at any chemist's. If not available locally, send P/N for \$1.25 to Fulford Williams Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 28, Gladstone, N.S.W. 2111.

PW28-41

Gifts for shipboard travellers

SUGGESTIONS for gifts other than fruit and flowers, which clutter the cabin, were asked for by Mrs. Ward. I always say my farewells with a lei. Using a needle and cotton, I thread flowerettes of hydrangea, sweet peas, fruit blossom, frangipani, fuchsia, etc., into a circle big enough to go over the head. I make mine almost a yard in diameter. Voyagers enjoy wearing the lei until departure time, when I invite them to toss it overboard to "ensure a safe return."

\$2 to Mrs. A. Jackson, Mosman, N.S.W.

MOST of the following items can be had for the price of a large sheaf or posy of flowers, and give more lasting pleasure to the traveller: some good paperback novels, glaze fruits (delicious, and keep well), sweets (in tins for keeping fresh), playing cards, materials for knitting or embroidery, a good table game, such as a jigsaw puzzle.

\$2 to "Joybel" (name supplied), Kurralta Park, S.A.

ONE of the gifts I found most useful was a plastic double clothesline with hooks at each end. When not in use, it folded on to a small card. Another was an address book. This can be used during the entire trip, names being added as one meets new people. An artificial orchid or other single bloom is handy to pin on a dinner-dress at night.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Watson, Hampton, Vic.

WHEN my 18-year-old daughter went abroad, travelling alone, my parting gift was a Lucky Dip, which friends helped me fill. This was a pretty bag with her name embroidered on it, containing a mystery item for every day of the voyage — comb, handkerchief, headband, pair of socks, correspondence card, dollar note, etc. She has since told me how the Lucky Dip cheered her up until she found friends, when it became a talking point.

\$2 to Mrs. Olive I. Kirk, Campbelltown, S.A.

AMONG the gifts meeting the requirements of being both compact and useful are a trip diary, in which to record day-to-day experiences, a sewing-kit in a tiny suitcase container, a matching manicure set, and a folding umbrella.

\$2 to Mrs. Lynette Richardson, Meandetta, N.S.W.

I'D regard a book about one of the countries I would be visiting as the nicest farewell gift to receive, and would gladly make room for it in my luggage. But with space one of the major travelling problems, something luxurious but expendable on the voyage is the ideal. It is because they fulfil this role admirably that fruit and flowers are so popular.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

New school calendar?

JULY seems to be zero month for teachers and school-children, and I would like to see four weeks' holiday given from June 22 to July 22 approximately. This is the time when the days are shortest. Another four weeks' holiday could start about December 20, and the Easter break could be extended to a week or ten days. With another week toward the end of September, this would give four terms of about ten weeks each.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Bastick, Guildford, N.S.W.

Whip up a poncho

A PONCHO is ideal wear for an invalid, aged person, or those having a spell in bed. To make one, buy a woollen bunny rug, mark a circle (large enough to slip over the head) in the centre, then mark a straight line across the circle, and another one up and down. From where these lines cross, cut to the outline of the circle, making four peaks. Blanket-stitch around the edges of these, and you have an excellent poncho, cosy, and easily slipped on and off.

\$2 to N. Roberts, Maryborough, Qld.

Should children choose?

HOW wise is it to give young children a choice in such matters as what clothes to buy and wear, and what food they prefer? Would this help them to accept the occasions when they do not have a choice, or would they tend to become "pick-and-choosy" about everything?

\$2 to "Muddling Mum" (name supplied), Glen Waverley, Vic.

Not quite the answer

WHEN our three-year-old son was frightened by a noisy aeroplane, my husband tried to reassure him. "Planes have to make a lot of noise to stay up in the air," he said comfortingly. I've often wondered how these giants stay up, but somehow I doubt this is the answer.

\$2 to "Puzzled Mum" (name supplied), Howrah, Tas.

Plants and frostbite

TOO late I found out from garden club friends that I could have prevented frost damage to delicate plants during the recent unexpected ice-up merely by hosing the beds before the sun's rays reached them. It was the first frost I had seen in Caringbah, N.S.W.

(Our garden expert says this is effective only for light frosts.)

\$2 to Mrs. S. Scott, Caringbah, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

SPECTATOR SPORT

AT a football match last week a young man and a girl were sitting in front of me.

From their friends' remarks I learned that their names were Trevor and Trish.

They were keen supporters of the Manly Rugby League team.

Whenever the players of the opposing side did something clever, Trevor and Trish appeared to be sunk in deep gloom.

But as soon as the Manly players got away with the ball in a dashing manner, both of them stood up and began to shout.

When Manly scored, Trevor and Trish showed their gladness by throwing their arms around each other.

The display of affection varied

with the importance of their team's gain.

For a two-point score from a penalty goal, they merely gave each other a hug.

For a try, they kissed.

When Manly drew ahead on points by a particularly brilliant effort, Trevor and Trish excelled themselves.

Their performance was worthy of



Dirk Bogarde and Brigitte Bardot in peak form.

They remained entwined until some people who were not Manly supporters shouted: "Sit down in front!"

There has been an increase in this romantic type of football barracking in Sydney. I do not know whether it has raised its tender head yet among the Australian Rules crowds in Melbourne.

It is more harmless than the aggressive partisanship which leads to

RAW DEAL



● A battery-operated card shuffler is now on the market. You halve the pack, place the cards in opposite ends of a rectangular container, and press button.

*He was an undistinguished man; his name
Adorned no honor rolls, no boards, no lists
Of such as rank for even minor fame.
No athlete he, not handy with his fists,
And yet his friends remember him and grieve—
A decent sort of chap who paid his bills,
Kind to his wife, untempted to deceive,
He lived his life with honor, lacking thrills.
Blokes drinking to his memory are impelled
To find some field of praise and thus recall
How deft his hand at cards; how he excelled
At shuffling and at dealing—talents small,
But treasured in his time. Today his pride
By gadgets superseded! Best he died.*

—Dorothy Drain

A modern malady

Coughs and colds have made us sneeze, My washing's flapping in the breeze.

"What's that you say? 'It must be snow!'"

But up this way it can't be so.

Floating snowflakes? Oh, what bosh!

It's mashed-up tissues in my wash.

\$2 to "Careless" (name supplied), Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

Picnic tea tip

HERE'S how to have a good cup of tea on a picnic or afternoon drive when boiling water is not readily available. When preparing the hamper, put the required amount of tea into the teapot and pour just sufficient boiling water over the tea to make it draw. Put the lid on the pot, add a teacup, and settle it in a secure position. When a cup of tea is needed all you have to do is add hot water from a vacuum flask.

\$2 to Miss C. Walsh, Herston, Qld.

blows and the throwing of beer-cans. Spectators like Trevor and Trish make love, not war.

On the other hand, girls of shy nature find that the sport has become too demanding.

I heard of one who said to her escort: "I like going to the pictures with you. But I don't know you well enough to go to the football."

It is doubtful whether the custom always makes for happiness.

Should a young couple link their romantic life to the fortunes of a football club?

It may work all right when their team has a good season, as Manly and South Sydney are doing at present.

Then every Saturday or Sunday afternoon is devoted to billing and cooing.

But the outlook is bleak for engaged pairs whose team is near the bottom of the competition.

A run of low scores can chill their affections. They have no grand final to look forward to. An occasional penalty goal is not enough to keep the flame of passion alive.

In my opinion they should not get too concerned over football scores, lest that their love prove likewise variable.

COMPACT

Hats off to ... the Texas "Navy"



Like a relic from a World War I American soldier's kit (of course, other troops wore similar helmets in World War II), this white leather helmet with buckled chinstrap was shown recently at an autumn millinery fashion show in New York. It's called the "Dough-boy"—after the nickname for 1917-18 U.S. soldiers.



Here it is—the pride of the Texas Navy. In fact, this becalmed battleship is the ONLY ship in the Texas Navy. Now in dry dock, the ship Texas has become more of a tourist attraction than a threat to the world's navies. Some tourists are awarded admirals' commissions when they board. The ship is in Houston, which, by the way, is about 70 miles from the sea!

COMPUTER TOOK A TURN FOR THE VERSE!

★ Having the heading for this story at the bottom instead of the top is quite appropriate. You see, we're going to tell you of a girl who reads backwards at high speed.

Yolande Humphrey, of New York, can read 5000 words a minute, starting from the end of a book. And she simultaneously absorbs the meanings.

By the way, perhaps the fastest conventional speed-reader in the world is Maria Calderon, 15, of a Chicago university.

Maria reads at a rate of 50,000 words a minute—with 100 percent comprehension.

It seems the average person reads about 200 to 250 words a minute.

(If you wanted to test yourself, up to the end of the previous paragraph is 100-odd words.)

Yolande, of course, reads backwards only for fun. She is usually a normal speed-reader.

**TO BEGIN
AT THE
END...**

AN unusual book of poetry was published in Germany recently.

The writer has a strange name—Zuse Z 23—and is only a year old.

"He" is a computer.

The whole business started when two computer engineers were arguing out the old proposition that a chimpanzee let loose long enough on a typewriter would eventually turn out peerless prose.

Getting nowhere, as such an argument can only get, they turned to their own field.

They decided to try to program a computer to write poetry.

Reviewers say the computer's poems are not inspired but are technically sound.

On a similar note, we see that an American scientist claims he was experimenting with machine-contrived song "lyrics" in the 1920s.

Staffer Robin Adair's comment on this was a limerick:

A computer, made mainly of tin,
In the brave days of bootlegger gin,
Tired of adding up figures,
And, despite human sniggers,
Ghosted lyrics for Irving Berlin.

Story led Michael to "stars"

■ Michael Silver, 15, of the Melbourne suburb of South Caulfield, has a good reason for being a fan of The Australian Women's Weekly.

An article about Michael's interest in astronomy and his backyard observatory appeared in our January 17 issue this year.

A reader in New South Wales noticed the story and persuaded her brother, Mr. J. N. Webb, of the Port Macquarie (N.S.W.) Astronomical Association, to contact Michael.

The result was an expenses-paid trip for Michael to the Association's

Easter Conference. He spent a week talking stars with more than 70 "star" astronomers, including the N.S.W. Government Astronomer, Mr. Harley Wood.

Michael, by the way, has expanded his astronomical interests to include photography. He proudly displays photographs which look like boiling porridge—but are really moonscapes, taken with the aid of his backyard telescope.

He is the official photog-

rapher for his school, Caulfield High. The school produces two magazines and provides Michael with the materials he needs. He covers all the official school functions and takes his camera to school every day to capture the odd candid photo.

Michael finances his expensive hobby by working on Saturday mornings at the local self-service store and developing and printing film for his friends at cut rates. He also buys out-of-date film cheaply.

"You can get just as good results," he maintained.

● Won prizes

He was proved right recently when he took off several prizes in a competition run by the Carnegie Camera Club among schools in the Caulfield area.

Michael's winning photograph was a color shot of a chessboard. It was the first time Michael had worked with color—and the film was ten years out of date.

It looks as if the sky's the limit for this hard-working young astronomer-photographer.

FOOTNOTE: Color film always carries an expiry date. After that date the makers don't guarantee results.

Our photographers tell us that, while it is not unusual to get good pictures from film a couple of years old, Michael was lucky with his ten-year-old film. Much depends on where, and at what temperature, it has been stored.



● Michael Silver looks happy with his new dark-room. His father, Mr. Harry Silver, converted the family pantry for Michael's new endeavor.



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FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles.

Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

- ★ Simple and dignified treatment.
- ★ Two tablets with meals.

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'Crimplene'! Dazzling the fashion scene with zingy styles that sing of spring. 'Crimplene'! Just for you. In the prettiest patterns, the liveliest fabrics and the excitingest finishes.

'Crimplene' can be crushed, crumpled, splashed, soiled, squashed and washed and comes up like new because 'Crimplene' is machine-washable, drip-dry and non-iron. Put yourself in the fashion spotlight. In 'Crimplene'.



This label looks after the quality.

Only manufacturers approved by Fibremakers Ltd. are authorised to use this label on tested 'Crimplene'.

Stripes are in. Smartly styled for figure flattery. Trimmed with the latest look in chain belts and big, bold tabs. In bone, mauve, pink, blue, sand aqua and gold aqua with natural. XXSSW-XW. Style no. 337.

Stripes again. Pale pastels with front button trimming and mandarin collar. Frankly fake pockets. In bone, mauve, pink, blue, sand aqua and gold aqua with natural. XXSSW-XW. Style no. 331.

3389

RIVETS



PRIZE RECIPE

Veal ribs in Chinese style

● A Chinese-style recipe for veal ribs cooked in a deliciously flavored rich sauce wins the \$10 prize this week in our regular cookery contest.

YEARLING beef brisket can be substituted for the veal ribs in this prize recipe.

Level spoon measurements and the eight - liquid - ounce cup measure are used.

RIBS WITH CHINESE PLUM SAUCE

4lb. veal breast in one piece
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 small clove garlic
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup water

PLUM SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter or substitute
1 chopped onion
1 cup plum jam
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 tablespoon wine vinegar
1/2 teaspoon powdered ginger
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard

Have butcher crack the bones of veal breast for easy cutting into ribs later. Sprinkle the meat with salt, crushed garlic, and paprika. Place in roasting pan with water. Cook, uncovered, in moderate oven 1 hour. Meanwhile, make the Plum Sauce.

Plum Sauce: Melt butter in saucepan and saute onion until tender. Remove pan from heat, add remaining ingredients and stir until well mixed.

Remove meat from oven after 1 hour and cut between the rib sections. Return to smaller roasting pan, cover with half the sauce. Bake further 30 minutes. (If pan is too large the sauce will burn). After 30 minutes, turn ribs and cover other side with remaining sauce. Return to oven and bake 45 minutes, basting often, until meat is tender.

Serves 4 to 6.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. N. Walpole, 146 Gympie St., Northgate, Qld. 4013.

ROSSELLA IS RICHNESS

With vivid colours . . . dramatic textures . . . Rossella Nova floods your home with singing colour! Too vivid, dramatic and luxurious to be hidden away in your kitchen, Rossella Nova is the wall-to-wall vinyl flooring that's as springy as carpet, as fresh as marble, as warm as parquetry and as lively as terrazzo. Forget those stuffy old ideas about floors and have fun with Rossella Nova.

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Miraculous wall-to-wall vinyl flooring.
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Rossella Nova in Granada "Olive Ripple"

USING colored thread, embroider your new sheets with the year you bought them (for example '68). I use red for single sheets and blue for double. You can see at a glance the age and size of the sheets, and also you have a good guide to wearing quality. —Mrs. D. Mann, Goroke, Vic. 3412.

Pour eucalyptus oil over obstinate screws, nuts and bolts. Let stand for a few minutes and you will find they turn easily. —Mrs. Pearl Allen, Flat 12, 1 Madras St., Oaklands Park, S.A. 5046.

Plastic ice-cream containers can be made into useful peg-holders to hang on the clothes-hoist. Twist some wire

USEFUL HINTS FROM READERS

round rim and underneath the container, ending the wire in a hook to hang on a crossbar of the hoist. A few drainage holes in the base will allow rain to drip through. —Mrs. E. Ross, 42 Bridge St., Benalla, Vic. 3672.

Grated orange peel added to mashed potatoes makes a delicious change. Add 1 level teaspoon to 1lb. potatoes. —Mrs. Helen Smith, 87 Farmborough Rd., Unanderra, N.S.W. 2526.

When making tomato chutney add a few pieces of chopped crystallised

ginger before cooking. This will enhance the chutney's flavor and add a delightful tang. —D. Cleary, Tipton, via Dalby, Qld. 4405.

Over-exposed color slides are disappointing, but try showing them on a green wall instead of the conventional white screen. The color is greatly improved. —Mrs. D. Alexander, Moonah, Barham, N.S.W. 2739.

Put a dish of sliced cucumber on the table when you are serving a curry. It is much better than a glass of water

● Useful household hints from readers win a prize of \$2 each. They will help with your housework.

for clearing and cooling the palate. —Mrs. Anne Wall, 73 Hadley St., Pittsworth, Qld. 4356.

If there is a baby in the house, clear a shelf or cupboard and keep it exclusively for baby's things — food, bottles, sterilisers, etc.; they will be easy to find. Do the same with requirements for teenagers' snacks. It is handy when their friends drop in. —Miss C. Bend, 40 Hughes St., East Malvern, Vic. 3145.



EXCLUSIVE:

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You just push a button. Pope heats the water. Push another . . . Pope starts to wash. Pretty good for a washer that's not an automatic! Pope has lots of other things, too. The wringer has 8 positions—and a safety 'touch-bar'. The tub takes 12 lbs. and there's a powerful 2-way pump to save precious water. There's no installation problem with a Pope—because it simply rolls into the position best suited to your laundry. But the big thing about Pope is, though it performs like an automatic in lots of ways, it's priced down there with ordinary wringer washers. Ask for a demonstration soon at your Pope dealer. Pope washers—a product of Simpson Pope

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Try these adaptable

NATIVE PLANTS

Some native plants survive only under special conditions, but many adjust to soils and climates. It is best to grow those suited to your area, but grow others you fancy in containers or specially prepared rockery pockets. The plants listed below are adaptable ones.



• Waratah

ACACIAS, the wattles. There are hundreds of species, mostly adaptable. Attractive ones for small gardens include: *A. buxifolia* — closely packed, small, pale golden flowers, spring; 6 to 8ft. *A. cardiophylla*, Wyalong wattle — fine, fernlike foliage, masses of golden blooms; spreading, 6 to 8ft. *A. drummondii* — fine foliage, golden fingers of bloom, spring; 4ft. Best if frost-free. *A. jonesii* — fine foliage, large golden balls of flower, spring; 6ft. *A. spectabilis*, Mudgee wattle — blue-green, fernlike foliage, bright golden flower, spring; to 10ft.

AGONIS FLEXUOSA. Shrub or tree; graceful, willow-like growth; small,

also withstands long dryness. Keep compact by pruning as flowers fade. Leave inch or two of stem below the flower (last season's growth). *C. citrinus* (previously, lanceolatus) crimson bottlebrush — dense, upright growth, crimson brushes in spring; about 8ft. *C. speciosus*, Albany bottlebrush — smaller than citrinus (4 to 6ft), longer brushes. Suits badly drained areas. *C. linearis*, narrow-leaved bottlebrush — crimson brushes, narrow foliage; 6-8ft. *C. salignus* — A tree, to 20ft., creamy brushes, pink new growth. *C. violaceus* — *C. citrinus* with rosy purple brushes. *C. viminalis*, weeping bottlebrush — pendulous, willow-like growth, crimson brushes; 15ft.

By ALLAN SEALE

white teatree-like flowers, spring. In sand or clay, coast or inland; 12-15ft.

BAUERA (native dog rose). Attractive, spreading plant useful for damp or shaded positions; also in full sun, with ample moisture. Tiny foliage, small, pendulous, pink, saucer-shaped flowers; 3ft.

BRACHYSEMA (Swan River pea). Bushy plant with leathery leaves, dark green above, grey beneath; red, pea-shaped flowers. Tolerates dryness; 3-5ft.

CALLISTEMON, the bottlebrush. Will grow in badly drained, sedgy areas but

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CALOTHAMNUS VILLOSUS (woolly net bush). Closely related to bottlebrush; 3 to 4ft. canes, green-grey, needle-like foliage; short, red, feathery brushes. Prefers lighter soils; drought resistant, grows under tall trees.

CASSIA ARTEMISIOIDES (ghost-bush cassia). A 3 to 4ft. globe of silver foliage, studded with small golden flowers in spring. Needs sun, good drainage.

ERIOSTEMON MYOPOROIDES (long-leaved wax flower). Rounded bush, 3 to 4ft., spangled with pale pink to white waxy stars, winter/spring.

GREVILLEAS. Species range from *G. robusta*, the silky oak, to prostrate ground covers. Most adapt to variety of climates, soils.

G. alpina, mountain grevillea — small plant, 2ft., for sheltered positions. Colors red to yellow. *G. asplenifolia* — sparse shrub, 6 to 8ft., slender, banksia-like foliage; brushes of red flower, spring. Best in part shade. *G. banksia* — sturdy shrub, 6 to 8ft., dark fernlike foliage, spikes of red flower, spring. Needs frost protection until established. *G. dallachiana* — dense growth, greyish foliage; small red/cream flowers, winter/spring; 3ft. *G. rosmarinifolia* — rosemary-like foliage; clusters red flowers, winter/spring; 4-5ft., spreading. *G. juniperina* — a little smaller than rosmarinifolia. *G. juniperina* "prostrate form" spreads about 5ft., ideal ground cover for exposed banks. Fine, rigid foliage, yellow flowers.

Grevillea hybrids. Several available. Pink Pearl, Poorinda Queen, are adaptable, attractive.

HAKEA. Closely related to grevilleas. Some hardy ones: *H. laurina* — pin-cushion hakea — 10 to 12ft., broad, blue-green foliage, globular red flowers with cream pistils, mostly in winter. Needs good drainage. *H. saligna* resembles laurina, but foliage more slender; small white flowers. Useful as tough, quick-growing breakwind or background plant.

HARDENBERGIA — violacea and *comptoniana*, purple coral pea. Showy creeper, massed with tiny purplish pea flowers, spring. Good cover for stumps, fences; to about 10ft.

HOVEA trisperma. Small, showy, violet-blue pea flowers along slender stems, winter/spring. About 2ft., but to 5ft. under some conditions. All but heaviest soil.

MELALEUCAS. Hardest grow in wet, swampy conditions but once established also withstand drought. These include the well-known paper barks *M. ericifolia*, *M. linarifolia*, and *M. styphelioides*. Others include: *M. armillaris*, bracelet honey myrtle — fine, dark foliage, rounded growth, candle-like

cream brushes, spring; 15ft. *M. hypericifolia*, red honey myrtle — hardy, adaptable, dull green foliage, red bottlebrush flowers well down on stems; 6 to 8ft.

Several of the most beautiful smaller melaleucas prefer well-drained, light to medium soil: *M. radula*, graceful honey myrtle — slender, bluish foliage, brushes of mauve flowers; 5ft.; *M. fulgens* — fine foliaged, brightest red brushes; 3 to 5ft. *M. steedmanii* — striking scarlet brushes, stamens gold-tipped; 3ft.

PROSTANTHERA ovaefolia (mint bush). Showy shrub, covered in spring with small, rosy-purple flowers. Needs undisturbed, well-drained soil; 6-8ft.

WARATAH (*Telopea speciosissima*). Prefers light soil, but will grow in heavy loams if a bucket or so of bush sand is worked in around root crown. Mulch surface after planting and before watering to prevent soil caking. Protect from heavy frost in first winter.

Some native plants do need special soil conditions, but their beauty compensates for this preparation. For instance, **STURT'S DESERT PEA** — *Clianthus formosus* (dampieri) — is only likely to display its clusters of black-centred, brilliant red pea flowers in exceptionally well-drained, open soil, such as in a built-up rockery pocket.

BORONIAS, also rewarding, prefer light soil, fairly regular watering, especially the brown boronia. This and some others may only last a year or two, but they grow and flower quickly. Add a few new plants each year. Brown boronia is easily raised from seed. Pruning back after flowering helps prolong its life.

LESCHENAULTIA biloba (mirror of heaven), bluest of all blue flowers, needs conditions half-way between boronias and desert pea — a light, well-drained loam. In cultivation, is at its best only for the first and second flowering year, so have new ones coming on.

ACINOTUS heffianthi, flannel flowers, can be grown in sandy pockets.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

READER'S STORY

A young soldier leaves for the war

**"Goodbye, John . . .
come back
safely, son"**

A FEW nights ago, at our home in Townsville, the telephone rings. It is 9.30. I pick up the phone. "Is that Townsville number so-and-so?"

"Yes," I reply.

"Sydney calling . . ."

A voice says, "Hello? Is that you, Mum?"

A thrill goes right through me. I answer, "Yes, John. How are you, son?"

"Well, Mum. How are you? How are Dad, Judy, and Ma?"

In a trembling voice I reply, "Good, John. Are you going?"

"Yes, Mum. At 11 o'clock tonight."

"Oh, John!"

"We'll be flying over Townsville, I think, Mum."

"Will you, son . . . just a minute. Dad wants to say hello to you . . ."

"G'day, mate. You're going, hey. Well, look after yourself, son, and do the right things, mate, and don't forget to write . . . and, son, when the three minutes are up ask them to reverse the charge. Judy wants to say something . . ."

"Hello, John. Are you well? Yes, I'm all right. School is all right, too. Yes, I'll look after her, John. I can't say any more . . . here's Mum."

As I grasp the phone again, I say to her, "Don't cry, love. John will be back, teasing and tormenting you like he and Dad always did."

Into the phone I say, "John, Judy is upset, just like Dad and myself. Ron and Bev and Ma want to say hello, too."

"Ron speaking . . ." "Bev speaking . . ."

"Ma speaking . . ." Judy crying. Dad sheds a few tears and so do I. We are trying to be pleasant, but can't say much for tears.

John says, "Don't cry, Mum. I'll be back. Don't take it too hard."

I cry, as it's 26 years since Dad went away. Ron was a baby. Now it's John, just 21 (God, why is it so?).

"Well, Mum, I've got to go now. Don't worry too much, and look after yourself."

"Goodbye for now, John, and come back, son."

"I will, Mum. I've got something to come back for now, besides you and Dad and Judy. I've got Jenny. Give her my love, Mum, and hooray for now."

"Goodbye, Dad. Say goodbye to everyone, and look after yourself, Dad. Don't work too hard, and look after Mum."

"Hooray, son. Come back."

I hang up and have a good cry on Dad's shoulder.

* * *

Time, 2.20 a.m. Place, Townsville. The plane's noise is plain to hear. It is still and cool at this time of morning.

Please, God, bring him and all who go with him home safe and sound.

• A young National Serviceman, John Edward Crow, recently left Sydney by air to fight in Vietnam. Just before he went he telephoned his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Crow, in Townsville, Qld., to say goodbye. In this simple record of his conversation is crystallised all the age-old heartache of young men going off to war.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 781.—MATCHING MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER APRONS
Aprons are available cut out to make in turquoise/white, red/white, pink/white, or gold/white check poplin. Mother's apron, \$2.25 plus 20 cents postage and dispatch. Daughter's apron, 2 to 4 years, 90 cents; 6 to 8 years, \$1.10. Postage and dispatch 10 cents extra.

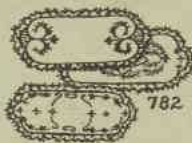
No. 782.—SET OF THREE DOILIES

Doilies are available traced ready to sew in white, cream, blue, or pink pure Irish linen. Price per set of three is 70 cents plus 8 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 783.—BABY'S DRESS

Baby's dress, with lace trim supplied, is available cut out to make in white, pink, or blue crepe cotton. Price is \$1.25 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



(Advertisement)

End Wrinkle Dryness

Wrinkles are really "river-beds" of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (the water carriers of the skin) drying out through the passage of time and the drying effect of exposure to wind and weather. To bring new life and loveliness to your skin and stop wrinkle-dryness smooth a film of beautifying oil of Ulan before making - up. This will beautify your skin at depth and give your complexion a delightful dewy bloom.

... Margaret Merrill

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a bulky applicator
with this tampon"**

CAREFREE may look tiny to start with, but it's highly compressed and so needs no bulky, hard-to-dispose-of applicator.

Because CAREFREE expands widthways, not lengthwise, it shapes itself to your exact inner contours making accidents practically impossible.

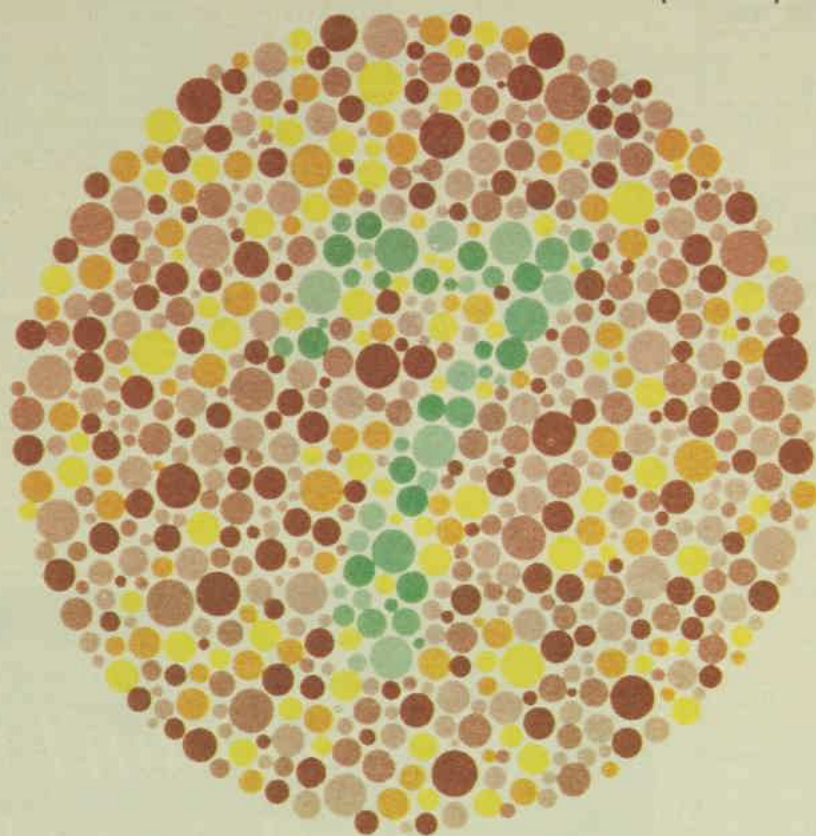
Try surprising new CAREFREE Tampons.

Available in two absorbencies: CAREFREE Regular, a slimmer tampon; CAREFREE Super, larger for extra absorbency.



Carefree* Tampons
New widthways expansion—no bulky applicator
Johnson & Johnson

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Can you see the number 7 in these dots?

(Philips Lamps invite you to make this simple
colour blindness test)

**About one man in twelve is
colour-blind.**

While colour blindness can't
be cured, it usually isn't serious.

If there is any doubt whatso-
ever, you should arrange to have a
professional eye examination.

Your eyes are changing.

As you grow older, your eyes
are constantly changing.

The pupil grows smaller and
the eyes weaken.

Chances are, they need help
to see better without eye strain.

Proper home lighting is vital.

By using the right lamps that
give the correct amount of light
where you need it, you avoid
harsh contrasts and glare.

Good lighting is not
expensive.

Even if you burn a
100-watt Philips lamp for

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Many types of lamps.

Philips manufacture more than
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every purpose.

Clear, Pearl, or for a softer,
more even light,—Argenta.



For better sight
PHILIPS
for better light



*Average domestic rate.

PL1625

BAKE-OFF JUDGE TO MEET HOUSEWIVES

● Monica Sheridan to tour Australian cities.

THOUSANDS of Australian housewives will have the opportunity of meeting Monica Sheridan, Ireland's famous international cook and TV personality, who is coming here as one of our overseas Bake-Off judges.

Arriving in Sydney on September 16, Monica Sheridan will spend two weeks captivating audiences with her sparkling wit and charm before the judging of the national Bake-Off finals in Melbourne.

Our other international judge is Edoardo Moglia, general manager of the Real Fini Hotel, Modena, in Italy.

The Bake-Off is sponsored jointly by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd., and the organising committee has arranged schedules for both judges that will allow them to meet as many people as possible during their stay in Australia.

It will be a "Meet the Housewife" tour for Monica Sheridan in the eastern States. She will make in-store appearances in Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart during her visits prior to Bake-Off week in Melbourne.

After three days in Sydney, Monica will visit Queensland, where audiences in Brisbane will see and hear delightful anecdotes from this outstanding journalist, author, and hostess, winner of the Irish Television Personality of the Year award.

Her busy itinerary then includes a visit to Adelaide for three days, followed by another three in Hobart.

Then on to the Bake-Off finals in Melbourne, being staged in Myer's from October 1 to 4.

In addition, she will be giving Press, radio, and television interviews in all the capital cities she visits.

Both Monica Sheridan and Edoardo Moglia have definite ideas about cooking and know what is required



Monica Sheridan

from a recipe to give just that little something which will make the difference between a good dish and a national winner in the Bake-Off.

Our two overseas judges will decide the winner of the Main Dish section in our contest and a panel of six local cookery experts will judge the other sections.

PRINCESS CONTEST

● Australia's prettiest home hostess will become Bake-Off Princess 1968.

THE prize for our Princess? Two weeks on the Barrier Reef at lovely Hayman Island, exciting new clothes to wear there, and a hundred dollars to spend. And when she arrives home there will be a new Metters cooking range valued at \$350 waiting for her as the final part of her big prize.

Runner-up in the contest will receive a consolation prize of \$100.

As the word Bake-Off in connection with the title implies, the girl we're looking for must be a good cook and home hostess as well as being attractive.

Conditions of entry are simple, and the contest is open to all young women in Australia, married or single.

So if the cap fits, why not send in your entry?

Just send us a recent photograph of yourself. Not too small, please! Give full details of a proposed dinner

party you might give. And send in your full name, age, and address.

Address your entry to "Bake-Off Princess," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Closing date for entries has been advanced one week to Monday, September 16.

The contest is being held in conjunction with our giant Butter-White Wings Bake-Off recipe contest, and finalists in the Princess competition will be flown to Melbourne for Bake-Off week — October 1 to 4.

The Princess will receive her award at a charity dinner on October 7.

For several weeks prior to the contest we will be publishing a photograph of one of the entrants and setting out her proposed menu.



Sandra Tyrer, Highett, Vic.

PRE-DINNER DRINKS

HORS-D'OEUVRE

Onion and Garkin Canapes
Pieces of Cabana Sausage.

SOUP

Clear Vegetable.

ENTREE

Curried Prawns served on
Boiled Rice with Lemon.

MAIN COURSE

Pineapple Pork Chops
Jacket Potatoes with Sour Cream
Buttered Baby Carrots
Broccoli with Cheese Sauce.

SWEETS

Individual Pavlovas.

DESSERT

Selection of Australian Cheese
and Biscuits.

Coffee, Chocolate Mints,
Brandy.

As I read THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting August 14



ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Romance plays a dominant role in your life — mostly a happy one. However, the love goddess gets into a snide mood, 16th-17th, hence, healthy scepticism. The 18th-19th is fine time for the emotional life.



TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ Married folk continue to enjoy harmonious times, although there is a spot of confusion and deception, 16th-17th. Any misunderstandings can be ironed out with the marriage mate. It's wonderful for engagements and orange blossoms, 18th-19th.



GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ Usually quick-witted, you could find yourself mentally snarled up, 16th-17th. The keynote is confusion with crossed lines. Otherwise a fine week, especially 18th-19th, when you could make a happy and successful trip. For some, a pay rise.



CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ Finances are on the up-and-up, except 16th-17th, when there's money muddle and deception in romance. It's good for party-going and the social hurdy-gurdy. The 18th-19th is fine for launching the new project or to confront the boss successfully.



LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ You're nearing the end of your get-up-and-go-go cycle — and you're still grooving with the Zodiac. The only hurdle left to the winning post is a patch of muddle, 16th-17th, perhaps marital misunderstanding. The 18th-19th excellent for finances and frolic.



VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ With no less than five planets in your sign, including a pair of lucky ones, you should be getting breaks and going places. The only caution this week concerns 16th-17th, when you could get confused. No important letters, and postpone trips. The 18th, 19th are the best days.



LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Are you contemplating raising a loan or any financial deal, particularly one concerning the home? Well, avoid 16th-17th, as there is an aura of muddle and deception about. The 18th-19th is ideal for real-estate deals, family and home concerns, and penning important letters.



SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Happy emphasis on all to do with family, home, and loved ones. If you're seeking that dream block, avoid the 17th — there's confusion around — and try on the 18th — a very good day, as is the 19th. You could successfully orbit. The heavens favor new plans.



SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Sagittarians are usually full of ideas and great believers in go, man, go. They have plenty of opportunities to blast off — it's a case of all systems go-go. Not on the 16th-17th, however. Confusion reigns. Romance is under smiling stars; 19th, 20th the best days.



CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Friendship looms large this week. There's the chance of a mix-up with a friend, 16th-17th — in fact, one could be intriguing against you. However, on 18th and 19th — two good days — an older friend could do you a kindness.



AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Stick to routine, 16th-17th — there's deception, smog, and smaze surrounding career and status. Conditions improve, 18th-19th, when excellent stars offer scope for permanent achievement. With some, promotion on the job; with others, escalation in status.



PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Be careful, 16-17th. You could get muddled and vague. Postpone any legal business. Fine stars following — 18th-20th — when finances could get an assist through trusting to your luck. Career and status prosper.



This year your best accessory is your figure.

Smooth yourself over with the sure control of this marvellous match by Formfit

"Skippies" Lycra panty and "Smoothshaper" bra—a match in masterly control of Lycra and lace. The panty controls with smoothing power at front; sleeking power down thighs, shaping power behind. The bra's matching lace goes a pretty new way—under marquisette for the smoothest look yet. And the fiberfill contours softly. Incidentally, those straps go five fashion ways.

"Smoothshaper" bra 250:—A32-36, B & C32-38. \$4.99.
"Skippies" 6" panty 876:—S, M, L, XL. \$8.99.
4" panty 874. \$7.99. Girdle 976. \$6.99.



Formfit

TEN BEAUTIFUL WEDDING CAKES



THREE-TIER ROUND CAKE, decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W., with roses, snowdrops, won a first prize at Sydney's Royal Show.



TIFFANY ROSE CAKE (above), decorated by Mrs. H. B. Kerr, of Panania, N.S.W., features an unusual design of sprays of beautifully shaded roses.



CLASSIC CAKE (left) in two tiers was decorated by Mrs. M. M. Shaw, of Dolan's Bay, N.S.W., won a second prize. It shows classic simplicity.



DIAMOND-SHAPED CAKE, decorated by Mrs. J. McIntyre, of Sutherland, N.S.W., features pink roses and hyacinths. Cake tins were specially made.

● Four pages of wonderful wedding cakes, some of them prizewinners, which will give inspiration for designs if there's a wedding planned in your family in the months ahead. Beautiful decorations and an interesting variety of shapes add to the charm of these cakes.

Continued overleaf



FRANGIPANI CAKE (above), the work of Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castle Cove, N.S.W., won a prize at Sydney's Royal Show. Design includes wedding bells.



THREE-TIER ROSE CAKE (above, right) won a second prize at Sydney's Royal Show for its decorator, Mrs. D. Emmerson, of Toowoomba, Qld.



NOVEL TIERED CAKE, arranged in an unusual shape and decorated by Mrs. N. Dunn, Pennant Hills, N.S.W. Roses, beautifully modelled, top each tier.



TWO-TIER ROUND CAKE (right), by Miss H. Acton, of Marrickville, N.S.W., was another prizewinner. It is decorated with sprays of orange blossoms.

THREE-TIER ROUND CAKE

(By Mrs. A. L. Oldfield)

Cakes 10in., 8in., and 6in. are used. Open roses, snowdrops, small five-petalled blue roses, leaves tinted with diluted green food coloring are the main decoration.

Build out extension work at base of cakes, using No. 2 and No. 00 writing tubes. Edge with lace pieces. Pipe straight lattice design in triangular pattern on sides of cake, just above extension work. Pipe embroidery design between points of triangular shapes, using No. 00 writing tube.

Place pillars in position on cakes.

Arrange flower sprays round outer edge of the 2 bottom tiers, arrange flowers on top tier.

Open Roses: Mould rose petals in 3 varying sizes by pressing small pieces of modelling fondant between fingers until petal-shaped; allow to dry. Join together with royal icing by putting largest petals in a circle; arrange slightly smaller petals inside first petals, then smallest petals in the centre. Attach stamens to centre of roses.

TIFFANY ROSE CAKE

(By Mrs. H. B. Kerr)

Fruit cakes in 10in. and 6in. sizes are used. Decoration is tiffany roses, hyacinths, white bouvardia, lily of the valley, and bluebirds.

Pipe a shell edge round base of cakes, using No. 1 tube and royal icing. With No. 00 tube, pipe fine line of embroidery above top lace marking on cakes, and another deeper line below, allowing sufficient space so shadow of the lace does not hide pattern. Secure narrow band of ribbon above position of extension.

Position pillars. Apply top row of lace, which has been piped on waxed paper and allowed to dry. Build out extension work at base of cakes; apply another row of lace above extension.

Arrange sprays of flowers on cakes, using tulle and ribbon to soften sprays.

Tiffany Roses: Take 5 tear-drop-shaped pieces of modelling fondant, mould to shape of rose petal. Place over bowl of teaspoon to dry. Make another 5 petals a little smaller than first 5. Make 3 smaller petals, dry over handle of spoon. Tint faintly with yellow and rose-pink to resemble the tiffany rose. Assemble on greaseproof paper placed in patty pan.

Using royal icing, pipe a circle; position the 5 largest petals. Pipe another circle of royal icing at base of these petals and stand the smaller set of 5 petals in this. Fill centre of these petals with royal icing, arrange stamens. Stand the 3 small petals round stamens; leave to dry thoroughly before removing waxed paper.

CLASSIC CAKE

(By Mrs. M. M. Shaw)

Fruit cakes of 10in. and 8in. are used. Scallops at base of cake are built out with No. 3 tube; No. 00 writing tube is used for extension work and sprays of fine embroidery above extension.

Sprays are softened with looped ribbons, tulle puffs, and sprays of piped forget-me-nots. Tiny birds, with wings and tails tipped with silver, are positioned on cake.

DIAMOND-SHAPED CAKE

(By Mrs. J. McIntyre)

Cover cakes with almond paste,

then with pale pink fondant. Build out extension work, using No. 3 tube. Finish extension work with lace pieces, which have been piped beforehand on waxed paper, using No. 00 tube.

Pipe embroidery design of forget-me-nots just above extension work, then finish off with another row of lace pieces, following same line as first row. Arrange decoration—roses, birds, and hyacinths—on cake, using tulle and ribbon to soften sprays.

Diamond-shaped cake tins used by Mrs. McIntyre were specially made.

TWO-TIER ROUND CAKE

(By Miss H. Acton)

Ten-inch and 6in. cakes are used. Embroidery design is piped with No. 00 writing tube; No. 3 and No. 00 tubes are used for extension work.

Sprays are of orange blossoms, bouvardia, with small piped bluebirds.

Orange Blossom: Cut 5 elongated petals of fondant, slightly curved; allow to dry. Attach small cone of fondant to top of fine wire. Attach petals to this with a little royal icing. Insert clusters of yellow stamens.

FRANGIPANI CAKE

(By Mrs. B. Vercoe)

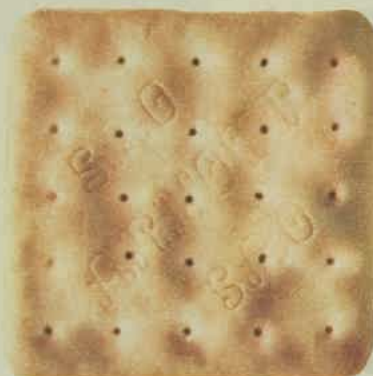
Specially made cake tins were used for these cakes. However, fruit cakes can be baked in square tins, then cut to hexagonal shapes to obtain 9in. and 6in. cakes.

Work out size and shape of wedding-bell pattern to fit individual cakes; pin-prick pattern on to fondant. Carefully turn cakes upside down on turntable covered with waxed paper. Using No. 3 tube, pipe extended base of bell just above bell clapper. Pipe first line as full-length scallop, shortening lines by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

ORANGE BLOSSOM CAKE is by Mrs. N. Dunn.



crisp energy



Playtime is energy-time! So give them the crisp energy team: Arnott's Sao Biscuits spread with VEGEMITE from KRAFT

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 21, 1968



HEART - SHAPED CAKE,
from our own Test Kitchen.

at each end; this gives graduated curve effect. Finish by piping one full-length scallop completely round graduated edges.

Return cake to its correct upright position; allow scallops to dry completely before commencing extension lines.

Pipe extension work with No. 00 tube, keeping lines very close together. Pipe fine scallop $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above base of bell and one at base of bell. Pipe a line and large dot in centre base of bell to represent clapper. Finish bell with small pieces of lace previously piped on to waxed paper.

Pipe embroidery design between bells. Finish base of cakes with straight line of lace, just touching paper on board.

Frangipani: From modelling paste mould 5 petals, curving left side of each petal to give a curved effect and painting color in as each petal is made. Overlap each petal almost halfway until the 5 are completed; with help of knife, lift the 5 petals together, wrapping left-hand side of work in and bringing right-hand side of work well round left. Twist base, pinch off surplus. Dry in neck of soft-drink bottle.

NOVEL TIERED CAKE (By Mrs. N. Dunn)

Cover three 8 in. square fruit cakes with almond paste; leave several days, then cover with fondant. Place cakes on $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. boards covered with silver paper; mount 2 bottom boards with runners, cut away corners about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. where boards meet.

Build out 5 rows of extension work, using No. 2 pipe; use No. 00 pipe for fine lines. Finish base with single scallop, using No. 00 pipe.

Pipe lace pieces on to waxed paper, leave to dry, apply to

cake at top of extension work. Apply embroidery directly to cake, using No. 00 pipe.

Two large full-blown roses, nine sprays of hyacinths, and three leaves form each decorative spray on each cake.

Full-blown Roses: Finger-shape 5 large and 5 smaller petals, thinning them down very finely toward tips and curling petals at edges. Shape over cushion of thumb, leave to dry. When dry, paint very delicately in desired shade, shading a little deeper toward centre. Assemble petals in overlapping fashion, securing with a little royal icing. Attach stamens at centre with royal icing, put aside to set.

THREE-TIER ROSE CAKE (By Mrs. Dorothy Emmerson)

Cover 3 square fruit cakes, 9 in., $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and 6 in., with almond paste, allow to dry, then cover with fondant. Build out extension work at base of each cake, using No. 2 and No. 00 writing tubes. Edge with lace pieces which have been piped beforehand on waxed paper and allowed to dry. Above extension work, pipe fine embroidery design of open roses, filling in centre of design with stamens made by piping short lines on waxed paper and, when dry, assembling on cake.

Place pillars in position on each cake. Arrange sprays of small roses and lily of the valley between pillars on the 2 bottom tiers and on top tier. Finish cakes with small bluebirds and fine embroidery design on corners.

Roses: Mould small pieces of pink fondant into petal shapes, wrap round a centre bud. Insert fine wire into back of each rose, allow to dry.

Lily of the Valley: Mould tiny pieces of white fondant, cut into 6 petals; pinch into shape. Insert fine wire, allow to dry; when dry, twist together to form sprays.

HEART-SHAPED CAKE (By our Leila Howard Test Kitchen: Picture, above)

Cover 10 in. and 6 in. heart-shaped fruit cakes with almond paste. Allow to dry, then cover with fondant. Stand on boards covered with gold paper.

Pipe teardrop edge round base of cakes, using No. 12 star tube and No. 0 writing tube for loops.

Pipe small embroidery design, using No. 00 writing tube, at intervals over cakes. Arrange pillars in position. Arrange sprays of moulded roses and hyacinths on cakes, softening sprays with small pieces of white tulle and finishing with small leaves tinted in autumn tones.

ORANGE BLOSSOM CAKE (By Mrs. N. Dunn: Picture, opposite page)

Fruit cakes of 10 in., 8 in., and 6 in. are used. Five rows are built out for frame of extension, using No. 3 or No. 2 pipe and No. 00 or No. 000 for the fine lines.

Hyacinths: Using small pea-size piece of modelling paste, hollow out with tip of paintbrush handle, cutting first in half, then each half twice to form 6 equal petals. Cut each petal to a point, insert wire, and firm at base with fingers. Three flowers and a small bud form each spray.

Orange Blossom: First make fringed centre. Commence as for hyacinths, fringing edge with fine scissors. Insert wire and 1 small yellow-headed stamen; leave to dry. Hollow out larger ball of paste, cutting into 5 equal petals. Turn back edge and insert the previously made centre, attaching with dab of water.

Arrange sprays on cake.

team



Arnott's SAO biscuits with VEGEMITE from KRAFT team together for a crisp energy-giving snack!

Crisp, fresh, satisfying. Arnott's Sao Biscuits make all the crisp difference to snacks and lunches. Very satisfying, too. Team Sao with cheese or ham or tomato. But for extra energy try tasty VEGEMITE Yeast Extract. Simply spread it over and bite right in — Sao makes all the crisp difference!

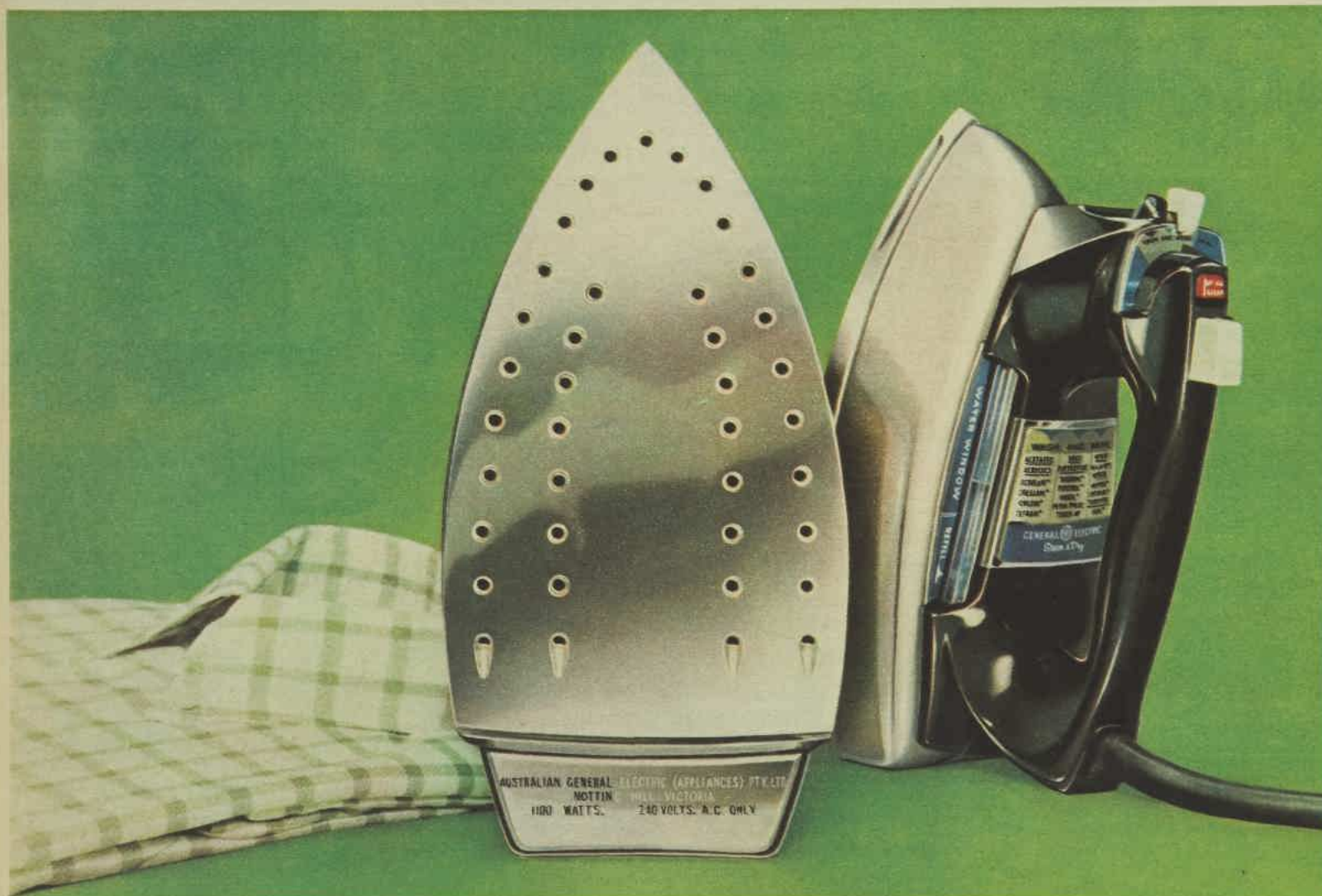
It's called "the energy spread"! That's VEGEMITE. Children need it, teenagers need it, adults need it — because a fifth of an ounce of VEGEMITE Yeast Extract supplies half their daily requirements of the B group energy vitamins. Serving Arnott's Sao? Simply serve with VEGEMITE, from KRAFT.





NEW! POWER-SPRAY STEAM N' DRY IRON WITH MORE STEAM HOLES THAN ANY OTHER!

YOUR IRONING BECOMES EASIER THAN EVER with 39 holes to give you a smoother, wider sweep of penetrating steam. It sprays automatically, steams and dry irons — and the high-gleam, mirror-finish sole plate lets you glide through ironing effortlessly. Try it — you'll agree it's the "complete" iron.



NEW 39 HOLE SOLEPLATE

patterned to give best overall steam distribution right from toe to heel for easier ironing, and exclusive G.E. constant steam flow guarantees deeper penetration for perfect pressing.



AUTOMATIC SPRAY POWER

exclusive to G.E., means no pumping. Just a gentle press and a continuous fine, warm mist automatically sprinkles away even the most stubborn wrinkles.



TILT'N TELL WATER WINDOW

tells you at a glance how much water you have, when to refill. And the fabric dial gives you proper temperatures, even for the new synthetic fabrics.

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THE AWAKENING

The children had thought their world was a bright place until it was suddenly dimmed by shadows cast by selfish adults

A LEC picked up a dry stick from the ground and threw it at Mandy's piebald rump. She switched her tail and trotted a few steps in the hock-deep ooze before stopping again to pull at the leaves of a paperbark tree.

"Mandy! Rosie! Come on outa there!" His voice, deeping into manhood, broke as he shouted at the cows from the edge of the swamp.

What was keeping Elvie? She usually helped him chase the cows home to be milked at night.

He brushed a sandy lock of hair from his eyes with the back of a bony wrist as he glanced across the paddock to the dilapidated weatherboard house on the next property.

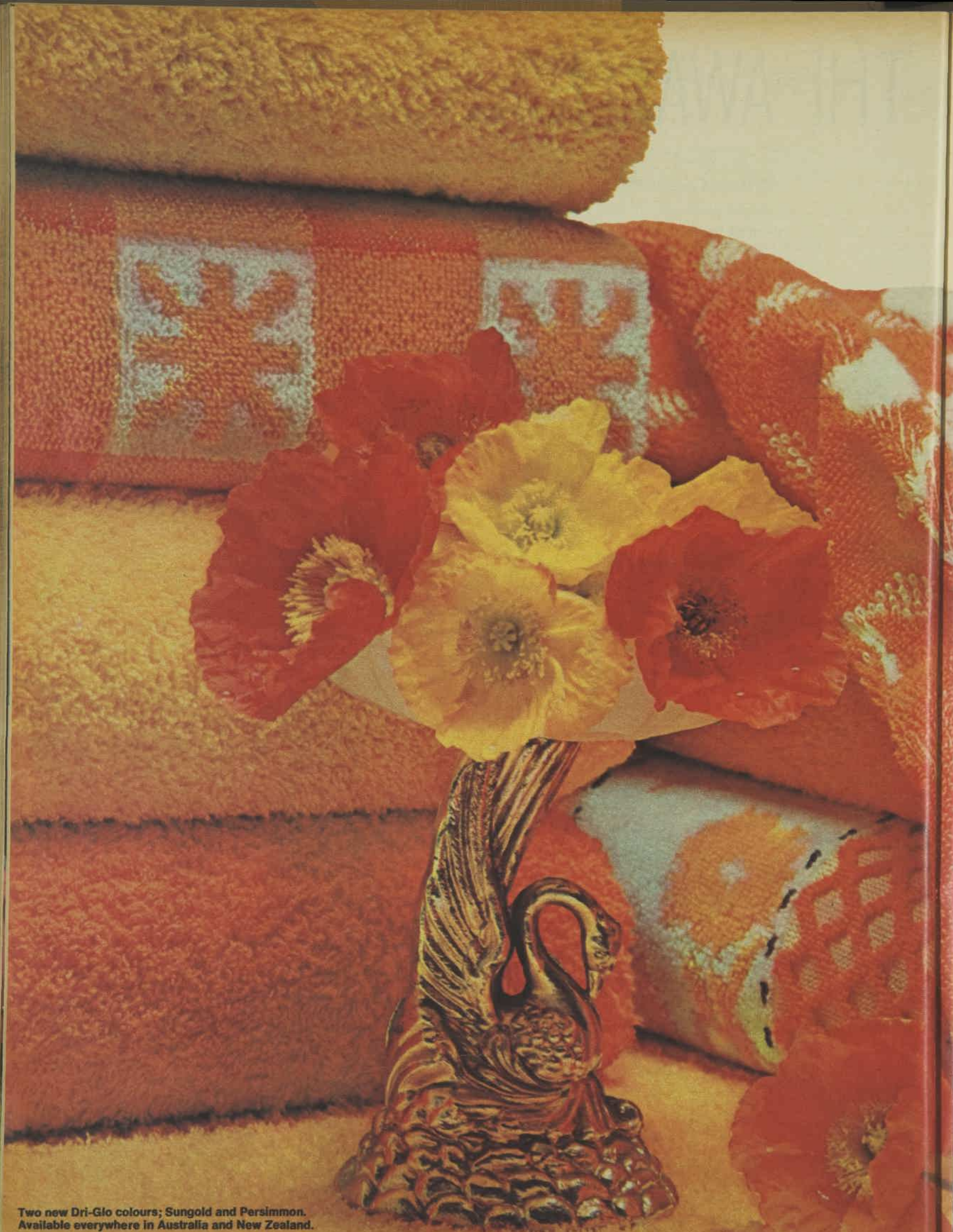
A wisp of smoke rising from the rusty tin chimney was the only sign of life, apart from a dog scratching for fleas among the broken springs of the old sofa on the front porch.

A utility turned into the front gate and drew up at the house. The dog jumped off the sofa to welcome the man, who stepped on to the sagging veranda.

To page 54

By **MARY CASEY**





Two new Dri-Glo colours; Sungold and Persimmon.
Available everywhere in Australia and New Zealand.
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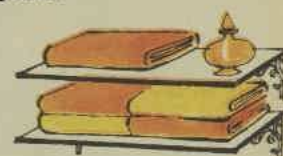
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 21, 1968

It's a woman's privilege to change

This week you want the bathroom glowing with the colour of ripe persimmons, next week you want it hung with the new mellow yellow. Go ahead. You're absolutely right. The bathroom used to be the most neglected room in the house. Then came Dri-Glo colour harmony with plains and patterns perfectly co-ordinated. Colour-scheming woman did the rest. Never-before colours in towels and matching bath mats, washers, hand towels. Bathrooms are becoming the most colourful (and changeable) rooms in the home!



Join the colour-schemers and paint an old hat stand a vivid colour. Gives a lot more hanging space for towels and gowns.



Even the smallest bathroom has room for extra shelves to hold your prettiest Dri-Glo towels. Simple wall fixtures can be papered or painted to give extra colour accent. And towels always at the ready!



Fill an old sweet jar with Dri-Glo guest towels and leave the top off for an open invitation.

Don't be half-smart. Once you have Dri-Glo towels in colour harmony make sure you get the matching bath mat and hand towels. The more Dri-Glo colour the brighter the bathroom.

DRI-GLO BATH TOWELS

B197

Alec caught a glimpse of Mrs. Slater's untidy figure as she appeared briefly at the door. Then both she and the man disappeared inside, the door shutting after them.

Bother! Alec kicked a stone into the water disconsolately. That meant Elvie wouldn't be able to come. She'd have to take her baby sister for a walk, pushing the pram along the dusty road. She couldn't bring it across the paddock, she tried it once, but it was too rough, and the baby had fallen out, and yelled, and Elvie had got into trouble from her mum.

Elvie never talked much about the man, but Alec knew she didn't like him. He often came when her father was away shearing.

Sometimes Alec heard his mother and father talking about the Slaters. He wondered idly why

THE AWAKENING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

his mother always got mad when Mrs. Slater's name was mentioned. She called her "that woman." She seemed all right to him, a bit short-tempered, perhaps, but she was always good for a chocolate biscuit, or an apple, when he called there for Elvie.

He picked up a pebble and tossed it into the bulrushes. A swamp bird flew up with a startled whirr of wings.

Alec, instantly alert, forgot about the Slaters. Taking off his rubber boots, he pulled up his jeans, already shrunken half way up his calves, and waded into the water.

It took him quite a time to find

the nest, which was cunningly hidden in the bulrushes. Four pale eggs, speckled with brown, lay on the downy lining. He parted the rushes carefully, taking pains not to disturb the nest.

The bird, now joined by its mate, flew anxiously from bough to bough.

He heard Elvie's voice calling in the distance.

"Alec! Alec!" She was flying down the hill, her bare feet scarcely touching the coarse grass, her blonde pig-tails flapping against her back.

Alec stayed where he was. If he moved he mightn't be able to find the nest again without hunt-

ing around and frightening the birds.

Elvie called from the verge of the bulrushes.

"Alec! Alec! Where are you?"

"Sh!" Alec held up a warning hand, his voice lowered to a hoarse whisper. "Come and see what I found!"

Normally nothing would have kept Elvie from wading into the swamp to see the carefully woven nest hidden in the reeds. Maybe to just touch an egg, feather-gentle, with the tip of a skinny finger.

But now, her face, which should have been flushed red with tearing down the hill like that, was pale, so that the little brown freckles stood out, and her eyes were staring.

"Alec — come quickly!" There was a note of hysteria in

her voice. "I've got to tell you something — something terrible!"

Alec turned reluctantly. He pushed out through the reeds, mud squelching between his toes.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked crossly.

She didn't answer. Tears were running down her face.

"For goodness' sake, stop crying!" Alec was getting impatient. "You look a sight!" That ought to shut her up. Lately she had got to worrying about her looks. Not that she could ever be anything but plain with those skinny legs, and freckles, and her hair always hanging in wisps over her eyes. He liked her the way she was, at least you could forget she was a girl, and treat her like a kid brother. But now he suddenly realised that she was getting taller, and looked different — sort of softer —

He felt uncomfortable. Fishing in his pocket he found a grubby handkerchief.

"Here, wipe your eyes!" he said gruffly. "And blow your nose!"

She took the handkerchief meekly, and blew her nose.

"Well, go on! Tell us all about it! Your mum been telling you off again?"

"No — no — it's worse than that," Elvie sobbed. "Much, much worse! He's —" she jerked her head in the direction of the utility — "he's taking us away!"

"What?" Alec was incredulous. "But he can't do that! What about your dad?"

ELVIE blew her nose again.

"It's true, I tell you — Mum's parking now. Oh, Alec, what'll I do?"

Alec kicked at a broken stump. The problem was too big for him. He hedged.

"Where's he taking you?"

"To Perth. I don't want to go! I want to stay here with you, an' look for birds' nests, an' help you with the cows —"

Alec felt a sharp pang as he thought of the loneliness of the swamp without Elvie's small figure following.

"I won't go!" She twisted the handkerchief in her hands. "I'll — I'll run away! I hate him!"

"You can't do that — where'd you go? Who'd look after you?"

"Couldn't I stay at your place?"

Alec pictured his mother's indignation at the idea.

"No —" he shook his head.

"No — she wouldn't let you —"

"But I could hide," she pleaded.

"Behind the hay, in the cowshed."

"What about food? An' what about when you wanted to go to the dub. They'd see you —"

"You could bring me something to eat! An' I could go at night time."

She clutched his arms with her thin brown hands.

"Alec, please — please — don't let them take me away!"

The tears slid down her cheeks.

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OUR TRANSFER

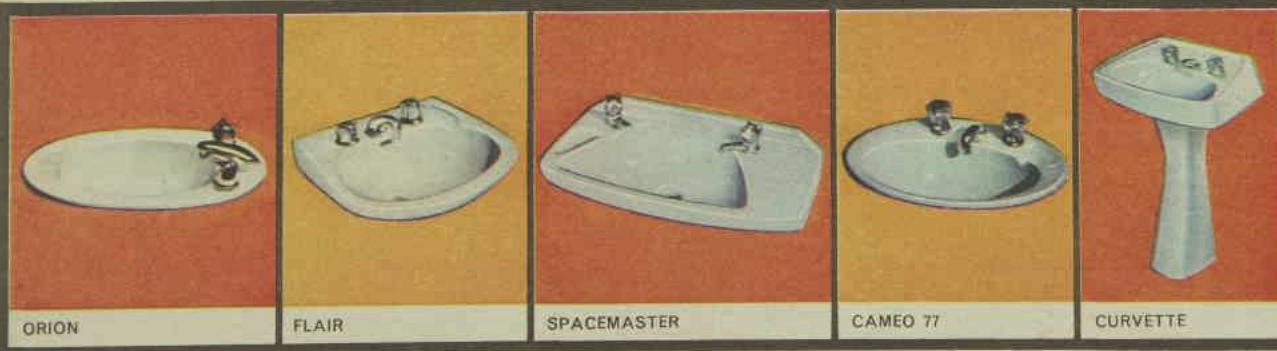


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for your
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because you know the design will endure (and it costs you no more)



Everybody knows Royal Doulton. You've admired those exquisite fine china figurines from England, brilliantly sculptured and superbly finished. Perfect examples of the lasting quality of good design.

Royal Doulton in Australia puts those self same design skills to work, to create lasting beauty for your bathroom. Vitreous china vanity basins, wall basins and toilet suites by Royal Doulton are outstanding in design and finish — yet they cost no more. Graceful shapes in six pastel colours and white form the logical starting point for planning a beautiful bathroom.

Send for the Royal Doulton booklet "First step to bathroom beauty" and glean ideas on mixing and matching colours. See how you can combine the latest in wall tiles, wallpapers, curtains etc. with Royal Doulton basins and suites to make your bathroom complete.

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RD46

She clung to him fiercely, her slight body pressed to his.

He felt her budding breasts, soft, through his shirt, and his dawning manhood stirred within him.

"Aw, lay off it, Elvie!" His voice shot up an octave, but his arms closed instinctively around her.

His mouth was dry, and his heart pounding as if he had been running a mile. He felt a funny lump in his throat like when Aunt Grace died.

He pushed her from him roughly, angry at this confusion of emotions which was beyond his understanding.

Elvie collapsed on the damp grass and buried her face in her hands.

Alec turned away, embarrassed. Angry at himself, angry at her.

"Oh, Elvie — stop bawling! You'll prob'ly think it's all right once you get there—" he tried to comfort her. "You'll prob'ly think it's beaut, living in the city—"

HE paused. "Tell y' what — I'll show you the bird's nest I found just before you come —"

She lifted her head slightly. Her face was swollen and her nose red. A faint flicker of interest gleamed.

"No," she shook her head. "No, I couldn't bear it!"

"Come on, don't be silly!" He dragged her to her feet. "You'll have to shut up that crying, though, an' be quiet—"

There was no need to warn her of that.

From force of long habit, she obediently got to her feet and followed him into the swamp, pushing the reeds aside with infinite care, stifling the occasional sob that shook her body.

The parent birds, hearing their approach, flew into the branches of an overhanging teatree.

Alec parted the screens of bulrushes.

"Four—see? Wonder how many'll hatch—" he whispered.

Elvie bent over the tiny nest of

FROM THE BIBLE

● *The light of the body is the eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness.*

— St. Luke 11: 34.

woven grass, holding her breath. A tear ran down her nose and splashed on to the eggs.

The birds fluttered in the boughs of the trees, uttering sharp cries of distress.

"C'mon!" Alec took her arm and drew her away. They made their way silently back to firm ground again.

"Tell you what—" Alec said, "I'll write and tell you when they come out—"

"Oh, Alec—will you?" A tremulous smile broke through Elvie's tears.

"Sure! You'll have to write first, though, so I'll know your address—"

"Elvie! Elvie!" Mrs. Slater's voice carried shrilly across the paddock.

She and the man were putting cases into the back of the utility. "Come on home at once!"

Elvie looked at him wildly, her blue eyes desperate.

Alec picked a dry twig off the ground and broke it in his hands. He swallowed to choke down an embarrassing lump in his throat.

"You'll have to go—she'll only come after you if you don't—"

Elvie pressed her trembling lips together. Her tear-stained face was pale. She held out her hand to him, but he pretended not to see it, not trusting those strange emotions which had surged over him.

"Elvie! Elvie!" Mrs. Slater was growing impatient. The man was

THE AWAKENING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

strapping the pram on to the back of the utility now. The dog, already in the vehicle, gave a few sharp yaps of excitement.

"You better hurry," Alec said gruffly. "Your mum'll be mad at you—"

She turned to go.

"Don't forget to write and tell us your address—"

"I'll write—I'll write—" She waved quickly. "Goodbye, Alec—"

She ran across the paddock, and climbed through the wire fence. He stood watching her, breaking the piece of stick in the tight grip of his hands.

The door slammed and the

engine started. The utility bounced over the rutted track, and disappeared in a cloud of dust along the gravel road.

Everything was very quiet.

The long afternoon shadows stretched across the grassy slope of the paddock. A duck paddled past in the water between the reeds, leaving a rippling wake behind it.

Alec saw Elvie's fair head bent over the nest with aching clarity; the creamy eggs, wet with her tears. He felt a sharp, salty stinging behind his eyelids as he turned and waded into the swamp to find the cows.

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By R. W. ALEXANDER



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IT seemed to Candice Brown, who before the day was ended would be Candice Gibson, that she had held this cramping pose so long she would never again be able to relax.

She had been rushed upstairs to put on her wedding gown for the last time, and her mother and Sue had gone to work on her; and ever since, standing rigid, scarcely daring to breathe, she had been silently praying for Sue to leave the room. Because there were some things a girl could say to her mother that she wouldn't like a sister to hear, though the sister was married, with two babies.

Candice was nineteen, tall and slender, and with the softness of childhood still in her face. The gown was white and shining, complementing a lovely figure, and she looked beautiful. Yet her mother was not satisfied.

"There's still something . . ." Jane Brown said critically, stepping back.

Sue nodded. "Stand still, Candy. I just can't put my finger on it." Sue was twenty-five, four years married, and apt to act superior at times. "Mum, I think I'll run and check on things. I don't trust Gail that much."

Gail was Candy's other sister, twenty-two, two years married and with a son.

"Might just as well," Jane nodded, moving slowly around and around. Like a Pawnee brave around a captive at the stake, Candy thought. "No—don't keep turning your head, darling. You distract me."

"Mum!" Candy said urgently when Sue was gone. "Mum, there's something I've got to tell you."

"Candy, please! I'm trying to concentrate."

"Mum, I'm scared!"

"Don't be silly," Jane said absentmindedly. "Everything's under control." She gave Candy a sudden quick kiss. "It's going to be the loveliest wedding ever."

"I'm not worried about the wedding — I'm worried about me."

"You'll look simply wonderful when the time comes," Jane assured her, circling again. "Maybe you think I'm being too fussy; but I want this to be the perfect wedding. Remember, I don't have another daughter."

"You're not listening, Mum!" Candy wailed. "You don't hear a word I'm saying!"

"We'll all be so proud of you," Jane went on dreamily, touching Candy's cheek. "Your picture will be in all the papers. Now relax a moment. I've thought of something."

She hurried out; and Candy was alone in her own bright room, where so many of the golden hours of childhood had

slipped by unnoticed, the dreams, the small troubles and griefs and heart-searchings, the problems and the resolutions, the wondering and the waiting...

And now the certainty that until today had seemed so firmly in her grasp had somehow been stolen from her, and the only certainty she had left was that she must find someone who would listen and understand, and perhaps help her find again the faith she had lost.

She eased off her high-heeled shoes and went out quickly, silently, and stood a moment on the landing. From below, never letting up, rose the chatter of women's voices. She turned toward the back of the house, ran lightly past the other bedrooms, down a short stair, and so to the door of her father's study. He would be here, she thought. He must be here.

She knocked softly on the door and he answered, "Come in." He sat in his deep armchair, facing the door, almost as if he had expected her.

She went in and closed the door and stood with her back against it, thinking that never before had she seen her father look so handsome and distinguished, ready for the church. He patted the arm of his chair. "Sit here with me."

SHE knew she wasn't supposed to sit in her newly pressed wedding gown; but she went to him with a little run and settled herself beside him; and she felt so much better, so infinitely safer, with his arm around her.

"So you're all ready," he said softly. "You look very lovely and very sweet."

"Mum thinks there's something missing," she said. "Dad, what are you doing here all alone?"

"Keeping out from underfoot," he said. "Ready and waiting for the call to give you away." His arm tightened around her waist. "My third and last. And for the third and last time I'm all mixed up, happy to see you marrying the boy you love, sorry to lose you from my home. We've had you nineteen years; but now that you're ready to go it seems so short a time, we've hardly a chance to get to know each other."

"Oh, Dad!" she said; and he felt her trembling. "Maybe I'm not going, after all. Everything's gone wrong."

"Wrong?" he said. "Give me a for-instance."

"Just everything! Mum and Sue and Gail, they're making an all-star production of it. They've taken all the magic out, turned it into something to make the neighbors envious. They haven't a thought for me."

"Hold on there!" Bill protested mildly. "As for the magic, that's between you and Sam, and nobody can take it from you. And the production, as you call it — don't you realise the wealth of love and effort and thought that's gone into it, to make it something you can remember with pleasure all your life?"

"You're like Mum," Candy said. "You won't listen."

"I've always listened to you, Candy."

"Then listen to me now, Dad. I'm scared! So scared I feel like running for my life."

"From Sam?"

"From everything," Candy said, and twined an arm around her father's neck and clung to him. "Yes, from Sam! Dad, I don't know him!"

"Of course not," Bill said easily. "You can't hope to know him until you've lived with him

a while, and even then there'll be things about him you'll never understand. That's only fair, because there are things about you he'll never understand, only more so."

"I tried to tell Mum how I felt, and she wouldn't listen," Candy said.

"She listened," Bill said. "You didn't have to tell her. Do you think she doesn't know what's in your heart?"

"But she wouldn't answer!"

"Maybe she knew you'd come to me. Don't ever let her know I told you; but she was scared and full of doubts when the big day came, though I had to wait

until Sue was born before she told me so. You know, Candy girl, your mother is a very deep woman. I'll bet she knows exactly where you are this very moment, and what you're talking about. She's as deep as that."

"I never thought of Mum like that," Candy admitted. "And I'm still scared. I could run like a rabbit."

"And leave Sam in the lurch?"

Bill said. He glanced at his watch. "An hour from now he'll be there, waiting for the organ to tell him you're coming. 'Lohen-grin' — never has a piece of opera been so anxiously awaited by so many. He'll sneak a look at you as you come in on my

arm, and think he never saw anything so beautiful in his life."

"Honest, Dad?" Candy whispered.

"That's how it was with me. I'll walk you down the aisle, following the bridesmaids — but Sam won't even see me, and he won't see the bridesmaids, either. He'll have eyes, as they used to say, for nobody but you. You're there, and real, and coming to him, to be his for all the years ahead. Everything else is just a blur. And all you have to do, to keep him like that, is be your own sweet self and make a home for him and his children. Do that, Candy, and you'll never regret it."

She said nothing, but bent quickly and kissed his cheek; and as she straightened up they heard her mother calling.

"Candice! Candice! Candice, where are you?"

"As if she didn't know!" Bill murmured, rising.

They went out, arm in arm, up the little stair, along the landing, to where Jane Brown stood waiting. And as they came to her they saw her eyes light up, and she smiled; and all her heart was in her smile.

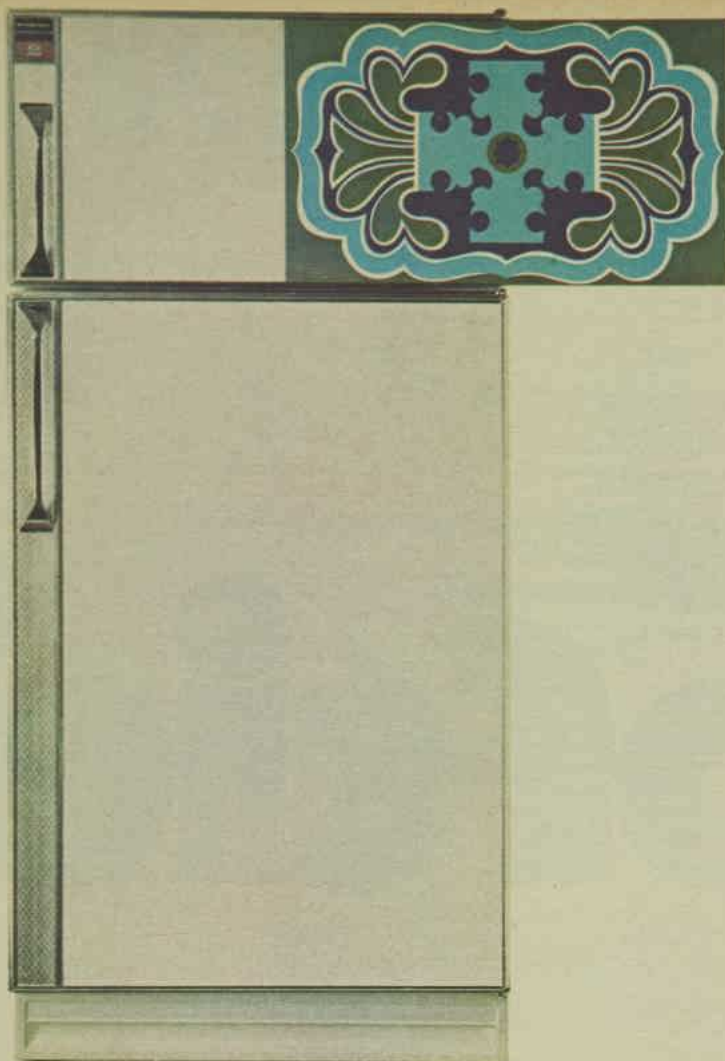
"Oh, darling!" she said softly. "That's so much better! Now you look the way you should."

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Goodbye, paleface



Hello, beautiful

"White! White! White!"

In a corridor of refrigerators at a large city store, a customer recently dissolved into near hysterics.

"Haven't you got something in a bright red paisley?" she sobbed.

Now, you don't even have to be in the refrigerator business to know that you'd soon be out of business if all your refrigerators were painted bright red paisley.

It just isn't everyone's favourite colour. Nor is any other colour

everyone's favourite. Except maybe white. (And only then because you couldn't get anything else.)

Happily, all that's changed — along with a new refrigerator we've just brought out.

It's our big deluxe 'NO FROST' 15 cubic footer. It's called the 'Two-Door Convertible'. And its two doors convert to just about any colour or design you can think of. Simply by sliding a pair of 'Fashion Plates' into the special 'pictureframe' doortrims.



This meat keeper keeps meat really fresh for a week.



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The 'Fashion Plates' are made by Formica in 60 different colours and designs and exclusive to Kelvinator.

And always underneath is our natural colour. White. Which you can go back to, simply by sliding out the 'Fashion Plates'. Behind the doors are all the features you've ever seen in all the 'other' refrigerators put together, now altogether in our big new one:

Separate temperature controls for freezer and refrigerator.



Lift-out ice-house: All the ice you need to keep you on the rocks.

Plenty of ice to keep you on the rocks. Slide out shelves so you can get at things without them getting at you. And a wonderful 'NO FROST' system that will never wear you out defrosting.

For more about refrigerators in general — and Kelvinator refrigerators in particular, write to the address below for a little book called:

'30 things you may not be told when buying a refrigerator.'*

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KL873

THE LONG SHORT CUT

Dramatic conclusion of a two-part suspense serial
By ANDREW GARVE



Corinne and Bliss stared in horror at the man who had opened the door to greet them.

A DARING crime, which will be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds to him, is being planned by brilliant, sophisticated confidence man MICHAEL BLISS. With the help of lovely, unscrupulous CORINNE LAKE, he plans to smuggle out of England the criminal financier MAX BANDA, who is awaiting trial for fraud and misappropriation of £2,000,000.

The plan became possible when, by a chance encounter, Bliss was able to identify criminal MATT OLSEN as the gunman who shot casino proprietor LOU SAVONA.

Bliss pretends to DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR KIRBY of Scotland Yard that he and his "fiancee," Corinne, are afraid that Olsen's gang will take revenge on him after he gives evidence against him. Kirby, anxious at all costs to have Bliss' vital evidence, willingly

agrees to help the couple slip away to France after the trial.

One of the effects to go with them is a large oak chest, ostensibly containing a collection of rare vintage wines. Actually, Banda will be in it.

By devious means, Bliss visits Banda at his country home at Lushington, in Sussex, cleverly outwitting the police who guard him there day and night. He is also arranging for him an apparently genuine passport under the name of HAROLD LEVER.

Now at his London flat, Bliss and Corinne are discussing with Kirby plans for their departure to France. Both are relieved when the Inspector agrees first to procure them a van to transport the chest; and then to a rather suspicious arrangement that they should travel by different routes. NOW READ ON:

WITH an inward sigh of relief, Bliss passed on to other details. "The question of when we go," he said. "We'd like to get away as soon after the verdict as possible. Preferably the same day."

Kirby nodded. "That should be all right."

"Good. Now we'll still be in some hideaway hotel in the country. My idea is that we should drive up to London in the evening after dark, for safety sake, and separately, do our packing in our respective flats, and then cross to France during the night. Corinne will take the 2.30 a.m. car-ferry to Boulogne, and I'll fly to Le Touquet around 2.00.

"If you could have one of your chaps bring the van round here, say at 11.30, and help to load it up, and then drive it to Corinne's place at Knightsbridge, she could take over from there with an easy mind. How's that?"

"Whatever you say, Mr. Bliss. I'll arrange that with pleasure. What else is on your list?"

They went on to the questions of tickets, customs clearances, money transfers, and other minor matters.

"I'm afraid we're giving you a great deal of trouble," Bliss said. "You probably think we're being absurdly fussy, but we don't want to have to spend the rest of our lives looking over our shoulders."

"It won't be any trouble at all, sir," Kirby said cheerfully. He got to his feet and held out his hand to Corinne. "Goodbye, Miss Lake. If I may say so, I can quite understand why Mr. Bliss is so anxious to take care of you."

Corinne gave him a sweet smile. "Thank you, Inspector, that's very

nice of you. And thank you for being so sympathetic and helpful. I feel much happier now."

As the door closed behind him, Bliss looked at Corinne and drew a long breath. "Well, I'm glad that's over," he said. "I don't know about you, my love, but I could use a revive."

A short period of marking time followed their meeting with Kirby. Nothing more could be done to advance the plot until Harold Lever's passport arrived.

On the fifth morning, sooner than Bliss hoped for it, there it was.

As he leafed through the crisp pages in the privacy of his study, pausing at the photograph he'd taken, with bogus signature he'd watched being penned, Bliss felt a deep glow of pride in his technical achievement.

By the early afternoon he was once more on his way to Sussex, with the passport tucked snugly in his breast pocket.

The operation went even more smoothly than on the first occasion. Bliss telephoned from Lushington at 7.15 and got through to Banda without difficulty. The silent message was conveyed. The short trip to the cove through the gathering dusk passed without incident.

In a few minutes he had reached the culvert and passed through to the grassy bank.

Banda was already chatting to the guard, almost at the far end of the garden, judging by the low rumble of their voices. By 8.20, Bliss was safely through the french windows and sitting in the study behind drawn curtains.

There were the same noises as before, the slam of the front door, the heavy tread in the passage. Bliss murmured his quiet "OK" as the study door opened. The light clicked on. Then, with a theatrical gesture, Bliss whipped the passport from his pocket and held it out.

Banda studied it closely, looked at the photograph, turned the pages. The effect on him was striking. Hitherto he had been openly sceptical. Now, plainly, he was more than impressed. "Remarkable," he said. "Yes. With this, I really believe I could get to South America."

"I'm glad you're satisfied," Bliss said. "So does that mean we go ahead with the plan?"

Banda sank into a chair. "It means we talk about it. If I am now to take this enterprise seriously, there are many questions I must ask you."

"Well, now is the time. Ask away!"

Banda had not only questions to ask but objections to raise. He didn't fancy being locked in a chest . . . How would he breathe? . . . How could he escape the guards? . . .

Bliss had an answer for everything. Rapidly, convincingly, he detailed the entire procedure Banda was to follow for the escape.

At the end of fifteen minutes, Banda fell silent. Then he said slowly: "You think of everything."

Bliss grinned. "Let's hope so. Any more questions?"

"No, I think not."

"Then this is the moment of decision. Can I take it you're prepared to go ahead? On my terms?"

"Your terms are extortionate, but . . . yes."

To page 60

Nerves:

You can't sleep properly. You feel tired. You just can't enjoy life. HERE'S WHY. Medical research shows that protein is vital to emotional as well as physical health. It is also a medical fact that some forms of protein are not properly assimilated by the body. But the protein concentrate of Sanatogen is. Sanatogen is the only protein nerve tonic. It contains all eight essential amino acids — plus glycerophosphate — which build body tissue and tone up the nervous system. Start now on a course of Sanatogen. And even though you feel the benefit after only one week, continue taking Sanatogen for the full eight weeks course to get the maximum health-giving benefit. You'll sleep better. You'll be much more energetic. And best of all, you'll be able to cope with and enjoy life. Consult your chemist. Start a course of Sanatogen TODAY.

Sanatogen
THE ONLY PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING!

Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub . . .

"Dear Sir,

After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.

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"In that case, I'll be glad to have the deposit. How are you going to arrange the transfer?"

Banda moved to his desk and took up a pen. "I will write a letter to my bank in Zurich, which you can post. What instructions do you wish me to give?"

Bliss dictated. "Please transfer £25,000 from my account to the credit of Mr. Michael Bliss at the Credit Lyonnais, 4 Rue Foch, Aix-en-Provence."

"They know you there?"

"Yes, I keep a small balance with them."

"That is convenient." Banda completed the letter. "Do you wish to see what I have written?"

Bliss shook his head. "If the money doesn't come through, you won't go through either. So I guess I can trust you."

Banda found an envelope and

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

addressed it. "And I, of course, am trusting you, my friend. I am about to pay you £25,000 for a passport that I may not be able to use. How do I know I shall ever hear from you again? You are, after all, a self-confessed confidence man."

Bliss chuckled. "It's a nice thought, but you really don't have to worry. This deposit is only the hors-d'oeuvre. It's the meal I'm interested in."

"That is a persuasive answer. Let us hope your meal will not prove too indigestible!" Banda handed over the letter, which Bliss put in his pocket.

"Right," Bliss said. "I think

that about finishes our business. You've got your instructions, you know what to do, now it's up to you to make a good job of it."

They followed the same procedure as before for getting Bliss away. Banda went upstairs and turned on the radio. The sound of music swelled through the house as Bliss opened one of the french windows, cautiously, and slipped out into the night.

"Call Michael Bliss!"

Bliss pushed through the swing doors of the courtroom and walked — not too slowly, not too briskly — toward the witness box. The moment had come to pay off the

first instalment of his debt to the police; to earn their gratitude, and he intended to make a thorough job of it. The conscientious citizen doing his duty, that was the role today.

It was an easier role than most, because for once he was actually going to tell the truth. There shouldn't be any surprises. He'd been over the ground thoroughly with the prosecution.

He entered the box and took the oath in a low, clear voice.

The prosecuting counsel asked, "Did you, on the night of March 3 last, visit the Queen of Hearts Club in Avery Street, Park Lane?"

"I did."

"What time did you leave the premises?"

"About two o'clock in the morning."

"Will you please tell the court in your own words what you did and what you saw around that time?"

Bliss told of his walk to the mews, of sitting in his car without lights while he felt for a cigarette, of the second car that had drawn up, of the man with the gun, and of the shots that had followed when the car drove away.

"Can you see among those present the man who held the gun?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Please point him out."

Bliss pointed. "That's the man — the man in the dock."

Counsel nodded.

He took Bliss through details of the identification parade and finally asked, "Are you quite certain the prisoner is the man you saw with the gun?"

"Absolutely positive."

"Thank you."

Prosecuting counsel sat. Defence counsel rose.

"Mr. Bliss, how long have you been a member of the Queen of Hearts Club?"

"About a month."

"This was not your first visit, I take it?"

"No — my second."

"Your second . . . Are you fond of gambling?"

"Not particularly."

"Then why did you join the Club?"

"I wanted to collect material for an article I was planning on 'Gambling in London'."

"Did you write the article?"

"Yes. I sent it to the 'Sunday Recorder'."

"Has it been accepted?"

"Not yet."

"Did you gamble at all while you were at the club?"

"Yes, I played roulette for a while."

"Strictly in the line of duty?"

BLISS permitted himself a faint smile. "Not entirely. I thought that while I was there I might as well have a flutter."

"Did you win?"

"No, I lost."

"An expensive evening!"

Bliss nodded. "Fortunately I have private means. I write mainly as a hobby."

"I see." Counsel abandoned his line of questioning, having got less than nowhere. "Now, Mr. Bliss, when you were sitting in your car in the mews, how far would you say you were from the man with the gun?"

Bliss considered. "I would say, twenty to thirty feet."

"As much as that? And how long was the gunman's face exposed to you before he covered the lower part of it?"

Again, Bliss took his time. "Two or three seconds."

"Two or three seconds . . . And at that distance, in that short time, by the light of a street lamp, you were able to register a firm impression of a face?"

"Certainly."

"Don't you think that remarkable?"

"Not at all. The eye is a camera. A split-second is enough."

"A camera records on a film, Mr. Bliss."

"The eye records on the brain, sir. I have an exact impression of the face I saw."

"You mean you think you have. Very well." Counsel resumed his seat.

Bliss walked slowly back toward the swing doors, his progress followed by a scowling Olsen. As he passed the public seats, he half expected to meet more hostile glances from some tough-looking men he'd thought were Olsen's friends, but no one took much notice of him.

At close quarters they looked more severe than tough. More like ordinary citizens, taking a grave view of a gangster's activities. But Kirby wouldn't know that. They'd be worth a mention.

A friendly plainclothes policeman attached himself to Bliss outside the courtroom and conducted him to a private office. They chatted for about twenty minutes, then Kirby came in. He was beaming.

To page 62

Here come the liveliest summer Hush Puppies yet

Here come the liveliest, most appealing Hush Puppies yet. Cooled-off with intricate interlacing — breezily punched and cut-out. Coloured in the softest of new pastels and bright dashing shades. Soft crushed kid . . . smooth glove leather . . . breathin' brushed pigskin from \$7.99.

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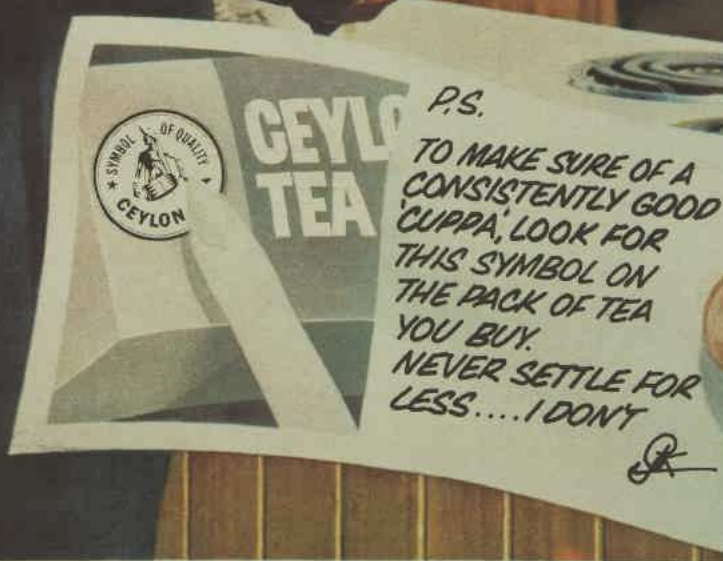
Hush Puppies by Clarks

GRAHAM KERR says:

**"For true tea flavour
...enjoy the golden taste of
quality
Ceylon Tea**

**It's a clean and
satisfying taste...
best tea taste in the
world, in fact!"**

Graham Kerr



One of these brands of Quality Ceylon Tea is available where all good tea is sold.

Enjoy a cup of Quality Ceylon Tea at the Ceylon Tea Centre, 64 Castlereagh St. or the Ceylon Tea Bar, Australia Square, Sydney.

"Congratulations, Mr. Bliss! You did very well indeed. A splendid witness."

"Thank you. Has Olsen been committed for trial?"

"He certainly has. With your evidence, there was never a doubt of it."

"What was the defence counsel getting at? Asking me all those questions about the club?"

"He was just probing, sir. Hoping to discover you were an inveterate gambler, I imagine, not to be trusted. But you dealt with him more than adequately."

Bliss said virtuously, "There's no problem when you're telling the truth." Then he frowned. "There were some pretty hostile types in that court—in the public seats. Friends of Olsen, I should think."

"Really, sir? I didn't see any faces I knew."

"Well, as I passed I'm sure I heard someone say: 'We'll get you!' It was only a murmur, but it registered all right!"

"H'm. You've no idea who said it?"

"No, it was from somewhere behind me. It could have been anyone."

"I see. Well, I shouldn't let it upset you, sir—no one's likely to follow it up. There's a lot of difference between a verbal threat and action."

"I hope you're right, Inspector. All the same, I'll feel happier when I'm out of London. Are we ready to go?"

"Yes, sir, everything's laid on. Did you get your hotel fixed up?"

Bliss nodded. "We're staying at an inn called the Blue Boar, just off the Eastbourne road near Lewes. Corinne's already there. I drove my car down yesterday, and I'm booked in as Henry Freeman. I hope I don't forget the name, I'm not used to aliases."

Kirby smiled. "You won't forget it, it's a good, simple name. By the way, do you want anything done about your post while you're in the country?"

"Oh, yes—please. Could someone collect it from Bampton Gardens? The letters are always left on the table in the front hall."

"Very well. I'll have a man look in every couple of days or so. We'll put any letters in a fresh envelope and post them to Henry Freeman at the Blue Boar. All right?"

"Splendid," Bliss said. "And if there's anything else, don't hesitate to ring me at the Yard. OK, sir, if you'll follow me..."

BLISS was in high spirits that evening as he told Corinne about his court appearance. He particularly enjoyed describing the discomfiture of defence counsel over the newspaper article.

Those innocent-sounding questions about his gambling activities might have reduced his status as a witness quite appreciably if he hadn't already prepared his cover story and actually written and sent off the article.

Corinne was cheerful, too. Now that they were tucked away in the country, her fears about the gang were temporarily lulled.

The Blue Boar was small but very comfortable, and they had two delightful rooms looking out over the Downs. It was only ten miles or so from Max Banda's house, and would make a very convenient take-off point when the moment came.

As they sat enjoying a martini before dinner, Bliss began compiling a list which he called, "Things to get and things to do." His first item was, "Wine racks."

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"Why wine racks?" Corinne asked.

"Just in case old Hawkeye shows up at the flat on departure night and happens to see into the glory hole. No one would keep bottles of good wine standing upright or rolling about on the floor, and Kirby would probably know that. He'd expect to see empty racks. We can't be too careful with that fellow."

Corinne smiled. "All right, wine racks."

"Then we'll need to get some sort of catch to fix on the inside of the chest. Banda insists that he must control the locking of it. And a bale of straw for packing."

"And labels for the chest," Corinne said.

"Yes. Any good stationer's for those, I should think."

The list grew, and so too did their confidence.

Next day, Bliss brought his wine racks at a large wine merchant's in Brighton. They were made of a light plastic material, were easy to carry, and had a capacity of two dozen bottles each.

He then bought the fastening for the chest, and that evening he drove alone to Hampstead.

He approached the flat with unusual circumspection. But having satisfied himself that there was nobody about, he collected the wine racks from the boot, walked quickly into the house, climbed to his flat, and let himself in. Good! he'd made it. No one had seen him. And with luck, no one would ever know he'd been there.

He drew heavy curtains over all the windows before he switched on a light. Then he got straight to work, fast-

ening the racks to the wall of the store cupboard.

Next he fixed the fastening on the chest, and by ten o'clock his packing was finished. Just a couple more jobs from his list, and then he could go.

One was to empty his black deed box of incriminating contents—destroying papers and stuffing an assortment of keys and rubber stamps into his pockets. Then he put out all the lights, opened up the curtains, walked quickly down to the street, and drove off.

On his way back to Sussex he stopped by a roadside pond and disposed of the rubber stamps and keys.

When Bliss called at the reception office after breakfast next day, he found that the first batch of letters had arrived from the flat. They were in a large envelope addressed to Henry Freeman, with no indication that they'd come from Scotland Yard. Only one of the letters was of any consequence—but that one was very important indeed.

It was a confirmation from the Credit Lyonnais in Aix-en-Provence that the sum of £25,000 had been credited to Bliss' account. He passed it to Corinne without comment.

A sparkle came into her eyes as she read it. "That's wonderful!" She had never quite been able to believe that the promised deposit would turn into actual cash at a bank.

"Not a bad lump of lolly, is it? Whatever happens now, our little venture will have paid off."

"I'll say!" Corinne handed the letter back. "I wonder

you dare let the police handle post like that."

"The more I seem to trust them, the more they'll trust me. Shows I'm an upright citizen with nothing to hide." Corinne smiled. "You're incorrigible."

THE next day was a busy one for both of them.

Bliss was able to tick off several more items on his list during a morning of shopping in Eastbourne.

The item "bale of straw" was still outstanding, but on the way back to the Blue Boar, he noticed the remains of an old stack in a field. He stopped beside the gate.

There was no one in the field, no car in sight on the road. He nipped over the gate, helped himself to a rectangular bale of pressed straw, and quickly locked it away in the boot.

He was pleased with his morning's work. Several more pieces of the jigsaw plan had been neatly slotted into place.

Corinne had an equally fruitful day. She drove to Knightsbridge, and packed her clothes and belongings into three large suitcases and a trunk. She moved the little Queen Anne table, and the suitcase she proposed to take with her, into the hall, ready for the police to pick up when they called with the van on D-night.

Then she drove round to the garage which had regularly serviced her Mini. She would like to sell the car, she said, as she was going abroad, but she'd need it until the very night she went. Would they collect it if she left it outside her house? She'd send them the key by letter. They said they'd be happy to do that, and a price was set.

It wasn't, Corinne felt, a very good price, but with the

prospect of wealth coming rapidly nearer, she didn't bother to argue.

Inspector Kirby telephoned Bliss a couple of nights later.

"We've got the Bedford van for you and we've checked it over," he reported. "I've also been in touch with the Bank of England and they're agreeable to the capital transfer you mentioned. We've done the paper work in connection with the export of your car and of the van, so you'll have no trouble there. And the carriers have agreed to co-operate in the matter of the travel date."

"Splendid," Bliss said. "Are you any nearer knowing when that date is likely to be?"

"Yes, the hearing has been set down for next Monday, and we should get the verdict within the week. So your anxieties are nearly over."

Corinne gave a little sigh when Bliss reported all this to her. "How marvellous it will be!"

Bliss watched Corinne closely during the run-up to the trial, fearing she might get jumpy as the time for action approached. But far from showing any sign of nerves she seemed to grow more practical and purposeful with every day that passed.

Bliss himself, though eager for the starting gun, was completely at ease. Only a stroke of really bad luck, he felt, could spoil the enterprise now. All the preparations had gone smoothly. Kirby was wholly on their side. Not a breath of suspicion had been roused. The plans for D-night had been thoroughly discussed and were now perfected.

Kirby's precautions on the day of the trial left nothing to chance.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 21, 1968

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At eight o'clock that morning, Corinne drove Bliss into Brighton. There he was met by a burly plainclothes man, who accompanied him to Victoria on a fast train. Two more plainclothes men were waiting for him at the barrier. They escorted him to a car, whisked him to the Old Bailey, smuggled him in by a back door, and continued to keep watch over him in a private room.

Bliss was called to give his evidence soon after the prosecution's opening statement. There was singularly little drama in the court while he was there. Olsen sat hunched and gloomy in the dock, looking as though he'd already resigned himself to an adverse verdict.

Bliss' examination followed lines almost identical with those in the lower court. It was a good deal more probing and persistent, but at no time dangerous. Obviously the defence hadn't been able to find out anything useful about him and counsel made no attempt to cast doubt on his good faith.

What he did do was ask much more detailed questions about those few vital seconds in the mews, plugging away at problems of distance, lighting, and shadows. But he got nowhere.

Bliss, playing impeccably his role of disinterested and conscientious citizen, held his ground quietly but firmly. By the end of the day he had done his job.

AS he left the courtroom, the police guard closed round him again. A red Mini took him to the Yard and a plainclothes man drove him down to Sussex in another car. By dinner time he was safely back at the Blue Boar as Henry Freeman.

With Corinne, he followed the next day's proceedings on the radio and from very full reports in the evening newspapers. Kirby had given evidence of the alibi statement he'd taken from Olsen and the breaking of it.

That evening, Kirby telephoned Bliss. He sounded very cheerful. The timetable of the trial was now pretty clear, he said. A verdict could be expected on Thursday, the fourth day, and he was going ahead with firm bookings for Corinne and Bliss on that basis.

He ran over the final arrangements for the evening, confirmed that everything was in order, and said he hoped to be at the flat himself around half-past eleven to see Bliss on his way.

Of the few items still left unticked on Bliss' list, the main one was an expendable car. Early on the Wednesday morning he drove with Corinne to the Brixton area of south London.

The main road there was lined with enormous sales lots displaying cheaply priced second-hand cars. Bliss parked in a side street, pulled a newly purchased cloth cap well down over his forehead, donned a pair of dark glasses, drew on a pair of wash-leather gloves, and set off on foot to pick his bargain.

He stated his requirements in a strong cockney accent, and in ten minutes had paid £62 in cash for a Morris Minor of inconspicuous color that was not quite on its last legs. No questions had been asked, and no information given. So far, so very good.

On the way back to Sussex, in convoy with Corinne in the Mini, Bliss stopped at a hardware store, where he bought a two-gallon plastic container, then at a garage, where he had the container filled with petrol. This he stowed in the boot of the Morris.

That evening, he and

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

Corinne proceeded separately to the vicinity of Lushington, Bliss in the Morris and Corinne in the Mini. As dusk fell, Bliss drove to the hill above Max Banda's house.

He parked the Morris on the grass verge just above the chalk quarry, jacked up one of the wheels to give the impression of temporary trouble, locked the car, and walked away along the winding road. In a couple of minutes Corinne came by and picked him up.

With rising excitement, now, they drove back to the hotel.

The evening paper again had a long account of the day's proceedings at the trial, and it was clear that things were going badly for Olsen. Most of the sitting had been devoted to the examination and cross-examination of the three "friends" who'd said they'd been playing poker with him the night of the shooting. They'd been easy game for the prosecution.

Kirby telephoned the verdict at three o'clock on the Thursday afternoon. "It's all over, Mr. Bliss." His tone was jubilant.

"Guilty, I take it?"

"Yes, guilty. The jury were only out for twenty minutes. Olsen's got seven years."

"Well, I congratulate you," Bliss said.

"We owe it to you, sir, more than to anybody. You did a fine job, better than you know. With luck, we've pretty well broken up that gang. We picked up Olsen's three friends after the verdict and charged them with perjury, and one of them's admitted it, so they'll be inside, too, before long."

"Quite a day for the police," Bliss said.

"Yes, indeed, makes up for some of the disappointments. Well, Mr. Bliss, everything's set for tonight. We'll meet as arranged — eleven-thirty at your flat."

Bliss hung up and went off quickly to find Corinne. He was feeling jubilant, too. The waiting was over, the stage was set. Now for the last act.

Bliss arrived at the hill just as dusk was beginning to fall. He parked the Mercedes at its old spot on the verge of the winding road, its bonnet turned to the south for a quick getaway. Then he climbed to the seat and took a look at Banda's house through the glasses.

What he saw was reassuring. Lights were visible through the curtained windows of the bedroom and there was a green glow from the television set. All the downstairs lights were out. The old boy was carrying out his instructions. Now he would be waiting for the big bang—the signal Bliss had told him to expect. All ready to slip through the culvert to the field. And that shouldn't give him any trouble.

Bliss turned the glasses on the guard cars. The two policemen were sitting in their respective cars. Neither of them seemed to be doing anything.

Bliss put on his wash-leather gloves, and walked quickly to the quarry. The Morris was just as he'd left it. In the failing light he let the jacked-up wheel down. A moment later he caught the sound of a car coming up the winding road. As it rounded the last bend its lights flashed off and on. Corinne in the Mini, right on time. She gave a little wave and drove on toward the copse.

Darkness was falling fast. This was it. Zero hour. Now for the plan to draw the guards off and leave the way clear for Banda to escape.

Bliss took the plastic container from the boot and un-

locked the car. He splashed the two gallons of petrol over the car, soaking the upholstery, the engine, and the body work. He flung the empty container on the floor inside and shut the door.

From his pocket he took a large box of matches. He slid it open an inch or so and held it ready in his right hand. With his left he released the car's handbrake and turned the wheels toward the unfenced edge of the quarry. He began to push.

The car quickly gathered momentum, reached the edge, checked for a second as the front wheels went down and the chassis scraped the ground, then pitched over the side. As it disappeared, Bliss ignited the whole box of matches, tossed it after the car, and stepped back.

There was a crash of breaking glass as the Morris plunged through the thorn bushes to the quarry floor. A moment later, a great blast of flame shot into the air.

Bliss retreated round the shoulder of the hill and waited tensely in the shadows. The success or failure of the whole plot could turn on what happened in the next few minutes.

Sixty seconds passed. Anxious, interminable seconds. Then, above the roar of the fire, he heard voices. Two men, shouting to each other as they climbed to the quarry from below. The guards.

Bliss drew a long breath, and turned away. The plan had worked — and with luck it would go on working. The heat of the fire would make any close approach to the wreck impossible for quite a time. Even when the flames were out it would take the police some while, in that tangle of thorn, to discover there had been no one in the car.

When the bedroom light was still on in the morning. When Banda didn't appear. When the cleaning woman arrived and couldn't get in. They'd know then, that they'd been hoaxed. But by that time, Banda would be out of their reach. And the burned-out car would tell them nothing of the man who'd hoaxed them.

Satisfied, he returned quickly to the Mercedes, coasted down the south side of the hill, and headed the car for London . . .

BLISS had been right about Banda being ready and waiting. From sunset onwards, he had been standing expectantly behind the drawn curtains of his open bedroom window, listening for the crash above the chatter of his television, fearful he might miss his cue. At the sudden din, his heart pounded as though it would burst.

That was it! — the noise of breaking glass was unmistakable. His mouth went dry at the need for action. Should he go at once? Should he wait a bit? He opened the window a little wider.

As the flames rose, and the reverberations of the crash died down, he heard a car door slam on the northern road. Then shouts, and the sound of running footsteps. Soon, lights flashed on the hillside. Torches, two of them. Both the guards were out there. The way must be clear.

Carefully, he remembered and followed Bliss' instructions. He turned up the television and hurried downstairs. In the sitting-room he ripped the phone connection from the wall. Then he let himself out through the back door and made for the culvert.

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Here, for the first time, Bliss' judgment was inaccurate.

Corinne had backed the Mini into the copse and was waiting with lights out for Banda's arrival. She was feeling increasingly concerned. Ten minutes had passed since the crash and the flash from the quarry, and he still hadn't come. Surely he wasn't going to mull his chance.

She got out of the car. Then, from somewhere along the field hedge, she caught the crackle of a breaking twig. A bulky shape loomed for a moment against the sky above a gate. At last . . . She called "This way!" softly, and went to meet the shape.

Banda came stumbling toward her over the uneven grass by the verge. He was breathing heavily. She took his arm, guiding him. "Have you got everything? Passport, moustache, glasses?"

He gave an affirmative grunt, slapping his breast pocket. She steered him to the car, bundled him into the passenger seat, climbed in beside him, and drove off on sidelights only.

"You were an awfully long time," she said. "What kept you?"

"It was rough in the field. I lost my way. I fell. I have mud on me." He brushed at his clothes with his hand. He

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"I haven't got any definite plans," Corinne said. "To see a bit more of the world, I suppose. To enjoy myself. To have a lovely life in the sun."

"A lovely life in the sun, yes, that is an attractive prospect. I wish you all success. And happiness."

"Thank you. What are you going to do, Mr. Banda?"

"I? Well, assuming that everything happens as Mr. Bliss has promised, I think I shall go first to Menton. You know it?"

"Only by name."

"It is a small town on the Mediterranean frontier between France and Italy. By far the pleasantest place, in my opinion, on the whole of the Riviera. Yes, I shall go there for a while, to rest and recover from my ordeal. I have, I think, a delightful villa at Menton. On Cap Martin. Between Menton and Monte Carlo."

"You think? Don't you know?"

"I have never seen it. I was negotiating for its purchase — through an intermediary and in a different name, not my own, when my empire, as the newspapers called it, collapsed. It was to

15 was almost certainly Inspector Kirby's promised watchdog. And no one else was taking any interest in the house. Granford Gardens, the parallel road at the rear, was deserted; its parked cars were all unoccupied. As the Mini cruised past, Corinne pointed out the green garden gate that Banda had to go through.

She pulled up on the corner. "So this is where I leave you. Good luck, Mr. Banda. See you in France."

Banda forced a smile, got out of the car, and walked slowly away with the air of a man going to his execution.

As he went cautiously through the gate, the spiral of the fire escape loomed up in front of him.

He began to climb, clinging to the handrail, not liking the height, not liking any part of it. But somehow he reached the top and no one had called out to him, no one had asked him what he was doing. Bliss had been right once more.

Still carefully following Bliss' instructions, he reached for the window with clammy hands, got his fingers under it, and pushed it up. A dog barked. Someone shouted at it. Banda climbed in, closed the window behind him, and groped in the darkness for something to sit down on. Anything. He was breathing hard. He hadn't even started his journey yet, and he felt exhausted . . .

BLISS reached Hampstead at ten forty-five, having travelled a somewhat longer route than the others. He parked just ahead of the guard car at the front of the house.

The driver, he saw, was the man who'd taken him to the Blue Boar after the committal proceedings. Bliss walked back to speak to him. "Evening, officer."

"Evening, Mr. Bliss." The man glanced at his watch. "Cutting it a bit fine, aren't you, sir? You'll have to get a move on with your packing."

Bliss nodded. "I had a bit of trouble with the car." He glanced up and down the road. "No sign of the enemy?"

"Quiet as the grave, sir. Can I give you a hand at all?"

"I don't think so, thanks — I've not much to take up." Bliss returned to the Mercedes, collected the bale of straw from the trunk, wrapped in a rug, and carried it into the house. In the hall he passed a neighbor coming out and nodded affably. Then he climbed to the top floor and let himself in.

"You there, Banda?" he called softly.

A familiar voice said, "Yes, I am here."

Bliss drew the curtains and switched on the light. Banda was sitting hunched in a chair. His face had a greenish tinge. "Did your trip go all right?"

"Yes — thank you."

"Got your passport? All your things?"

"Yes."

"Right, we'd better get to work — we haven't much time." Bliss dragged the oak chest out of the glory hole and opened the lid. "There's the slit you'll breathe through," he said, pointing. "And that's the fastening you'll fix once you're inside."

Banda examined the chest and the fastening. Bliss had taken labels from his pocket. He stuck them on the lid of the chest and the two ends. The end ones read respectively "Fragile" and "Glass With Care." The one on the lid read "This Side Up."

He grinned at Banda. "At least you won't have to do

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"I know that you didn't say anything, it's what you are thinking that makes me mad."

was very agitated, still fighting for breath, and she realised how near he had been to wrecking the whole plan. "Forgive me, I am not used to these excitements."

"That's all right," Corinne switched on the Mini's headlights and put on speed. "You can relax now, your troubles are over."

"Are all the arrangements made? Is everything as planned?"

"Yes, everything's fine." "I heard the result of the trial at six o'clock. Since then I have been on tenterhooks."

"I can imagine."

THERE was silence. After a time, Banda began to talk again. He seemed to have recovered his poise. "It was a brilliant plan," he said. "The car crash. So simple, so successful I begin to think your fiancé is a man of genius."

Corinne smiled. "I'm sure he'd be the first to agree with you. Actually, he's not my fiancé."

"No?"

"No, we're just good friends. Working together on the job."

"I see. So you will not be marrying him?"

"I shouldn't think so for a moment."

"Then what are your plans, Miss Lake, if I may ask?"

be my refuge, my hideaway in case of trouble. There, as George Wilson, I would be able to retreat from the eyes of the world. I, too, had plans for changing my appearance. I had perfected all my arrangements. Unfortunately, on the very day the purchase was completed, I was arrested."

"Too bad!"

"It seemed so, but now, thanks to you and Mr. Bliss, I look forward to enjoying it at least for a few weeks, until I feel strong enough to move on. The Villa Hiron-delle, it is called. It stands, I am told, high on the cliff side, overlooking a sapphire-blue sea, in a garden of lemons and oranges and vines. And, only a few minutes away by car, are all the pleasures and excitements of Monte Carlo."

"It sounds idyllic." Banda sighed. "It will need only a beautiful woman to make it perfect."

"I'm sure you will find one," Corinne said.

"Perhaps. Since meeting you, Miss Lake, my standards have risen. It will be less easy for me, now, to find someone with whom I can share my life and my wealth. Of course, if by some fortunate chance you should happen to be in Menton . . ."

Corinne said thoughtfully, "You never know . . ."

It was just after ten-thirty when they reached Bampton Gardens.

"I'll drive you round the block and show you where to go," Corinne said.

The man sitting in a car immediately opposite number

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SUBURB OR TOWN		STATE	POST CODE
BABY'S BIRTH DATE	BOY GIRL	BABY'S NAME	
day month year	☐ ☐		

the journey standing on your head!"

He opened up the bale of straw and spread a thick layer over the bottom of the chest. "OK," he said, "Like to try it for size?"

Banda climbed in and lowered himself awkwardly on to the straw. He was about five inches shorter than the chest and several inches narrower.

"Just the job," Bliss said. He fetched a pillow from the bedroom and put it under Banda's neck and shoulders. "How's that? Comfortable?"

"I have been more comfortable," Banda said.

"You will be again if you keep your head. For tonight you'll just have to grin and bear it." Bliss went to the bathroom and filled a water bottle. "Here's liquid refreshment — but go easy on it! Slab of chocolate. Seasickness tablets, in case you need them — but there's not much wind, you should have a good crossing. Got sleeping pills?"

"Yes." "OK. . . Now I'm going to pack you in. You'll find it pretty warm, but it can't be helped."

Quickly and efficiently, Bliss put in the rest of the straw, padding it carefully on both sides of Banda's body and round his head and adding a thinner layer on top. "Well, I guess that's it. I'm going to close up, now. The police will be here in about ten minutes and they'll carry you down. Don't make a sound while they're around, or we'll have had it. Keep quiet, and you'll wake up in the morning a free man. Good luck!"

He lowered the lid. There was a little scratching inside as Banda fumbled with the fastening. Bliss peered through the slit in the lid. He could see straw, but nothing else. "OK?" he called.

"Yes," came a muffled voice. Then silence fell.

Bliss looked around, checking over the room. There were bits of straw all over the carpet, but that was as it should be. Nothing suspicious anywhere — nothing to interest old Hawkeye. And everything ready for the removers.

Bliss went to the bar and got himself a shot of whisky. The next half hour was going to be very dicy. Probably the most dangerous part of the whole enterprise. He had complete faith in his plan, in Corinne, and in himself, but not much in Banda. It would be a miracle if the fellow didn't sneeze or cough or snore. No control, no nerve. He didn't deserve to be free!

Sounds reached him from the street below. He went to the sitting-room window and looked down. Two men were getting out of a grey van. The Bedford. A car pulled up on the other side of the street and another man got out. Kirby. He was having a word with the driver of the guard car.

Bliss went back to the study and tapped lightly on the chest. "They're here," he said, through the crack. "Remember, not a sound!"

The bell rang in the hall and he went to the door. Kirby was there alone.

"Hello, Inspector. Come on in."

"Evening, Mr. Bliss," Kirby

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

stepped inside. "We'll leave the door, shall we? My chaps are just coming up. Everything ready?"

"Yes, I've just finished." "I gather you were delayed on the road."

Bliss nodded. "The petrol pump started playing up. I had to stop and fix it. It's always the way when you're in a hurry."

"I thought I could smell petrol," Kirby said.

"Yes, it shot all over me. Beastly stuff."

Footsteps sounded on the stairs and the two removers appeared. One of them was the tall sergeant who had accompanied Kirby on his first visit to the flat. "You remember Sergeant Groves," Kirby said. "And this is Sergeant Crewe."

Bliss nodded to them. "Everything's ready for you, gentlemen." He led the way into the study. "It's all rather heavy stuff, I'm afraid. Those two cases have got books in them, and the chest weighs a ton."

"We'll manage, sir," Groves said. "Let's take the chest first, George."

"You'll be as careful as you can with it, won't you? I don't want the wine shaken up more than you can help."

"We'll handle it like a baby," Groves said. He took one end, and Sergeant Crewe took the other, and they heaved it up. Bliss could feel his heart hammering. He was human, too!

NEITHER of the men showed any surprise at the weight. Without much difficulty they manoeuvred the chest out of the door. There was a slight bump as they turned the corner into the hall, and Bliss winced inwardly. Then they were off down the stairs.

Kirby took an envelope from his pocket. "Well, now, here are all your documents, Mr. Bliss. Passenger ticket, car ticket, French money, customs papers. I think you'll find everything in order."

"I'm sure I will," Bliss said, but he checked through the contents all the same. "Yes, excellent."

"Sergeant Groves has got Miss Lake's tickets. He'll give them to her when he loads at Knightsbridge."

"Fine," Bliss was listening for the return of the bearers, wondering why they were such a time. Surely the chest must be in the van by now. Then he relaxed as voices sounded on the stairs again. Quiet voices. Not the tones of men who'd found a body in a box.

Sergeant Groves came in smiling. "I don't think we broke any of your bottles, Mr. Bliss." He gathered up two of the cases and the other man picked up the third. Groves looked around. "That's the lot, is it?"

"That's the lot," Bliss said.

"And thank you very much."

"It's been a pleasure."

Groves turned to Kirby.

"We'll be off, then, sir."

"All right, Sergeant. Take it easy."

"You'll make quite sure you're not tailed to Knightsbridge, won't you?" Bliss said, forcing a final note of apprehension into his voice.

Groves nodded. "Leave it to us, sir, we're old hands." He followed the other man out. In a few moments Bliss heard the van door slam shut. An engine started up, and the van moved off.

Bliss looked down at the straw-covered floor. "Bit of a mess, isn't it? Never mind, I'll ask old Dobson to get someone to clear it up." He looked at his watch. "Well, I guess I should be on my way, too."

"Yes," Kirby said, "you'll only just make it. By the way, I've instructed the driver down there to keep you company to the airport. I thought you might feel happier."

Bliss conjured up a smile of relief. "As a matter of fact, I will. Thanks a lot."

"Do you mind if I hang on here for a few minutes? — I gave the Yard this number and I'm expecting a call."

"Not a bit, Inspector. Just pull the door to behind you when you leave."

"I'll do that, sir." The phone rang. "Ah, there's my call!"

"See you!" Bliss said. He raised his hand in salutation and went quickly downstairs. Sixty seconds later he was on his way to Lydd.

Corinne drove the van at a steady pace along the Dover road. She was glad to be on the move again. The hour of

The queue of waiting cars was just beginning to move. She joined the line. As she approached the customs building she was aware of a quickening pulse.

But officialdom was at its friendliest. The immigration officer in his glass box waved her on with a smile and scarcely a glance at her extended passport. So did the people in the customs shed. The man who collected her tickets saluted her as though she were royalty. The way had certainly been prepared.

She drove on down the ramp and parked in the car bay. She had to leave the van unlocked, an unbreakable rule, but she wasn't worried, she'd never heard of anyone interfering with cars during a crossing. No sound came from the chest, and she guessed Banda was sleeping. The best thing he could do.

She gathered up her coat and handbag and made her way to the top deck.

The ship was a little late in leaving, but once on its way it made good time in as

the dock side showed that the ship had arrived.

Corinne climbed into the van and glanced back at the chest and baggage. Everything was in order. She started the engine. The line of cars began to roll. Now for the last hurdle. Getting ashore. . .

In fact, she had no trouble at all. The French port officials proved as eager to wave her on as the British had been. Smiles and salutes accompanied her to the gate. Kirby had evidently worked his spell again. By a quarter past four she had threaded her way through the Boulogne docks and was heading south-west along Route Nationale 1.

CORINNE drove very slowly at first, allowing all the other passengers from the ship to go by. It would not do to have GB cars streaming past when Banda emerged from the chest. One by one, the red lights of the tourists faded into the distance. At that hour there was almost no other traffic. Very soon, Corinne was alone.

Or almost alone. It wasn't until she'd covered about ten kilometres that she began to wonder about a car that stayed persistently behind her.

Of course, some drivers never passed anything at night if they could help it. This man could be one of those. Probably she was imagining things again. All the same, she didn't like him on her tail.

She was just entering Montreuil, a small town of tortuous streets, with many exits.

She switched off her headlights and put on speed. Then, choosing the least likely spot, she swung off the road, drove down a laneway, and in among the trees. There she switched off her engine and all her lights and sat waiting tensely.

The minutes slipped by and nothing happened. Slowly her panic passed. Probably she'd scared herself for nothing. She felt rather ashamed. Anyhow, there was no danger now, the other car had long since gone on its way. Presently she set off again and made her way back on to the Paris road.

Before very long, Corinne ran through Vron. She began to watch her distance indicator.

Three kilometres out of Vron, that was what they'd agreed. At a crossroad. She must be coming to it. Yes, there was a crossroad sign. She rounded a bend. The lights of a stationary car shone red by the roadside. She slowed beside it, saw it was the Mercedes, and turned the van in on the verge in front of it.

Bliss came to meet her, unhurriedly, a huge grin splitting his face. "Good show, darling!" He gave her a hug. "So we've pulled it off!"

"Yes. . . After all the excitement Corinne suddenly felt very tired."

"I expected you earlier."

"What held you up?"

"The boat was late starting, and then I thought someone was following me." Corinne described her small adventure.

Bliss smiled, and put an arm reassuringly around her shoulders. "You imagined it, old thing, no one could possibly have kept track of us." He turned to the van. "Well, I suppose we'd better release the financial wizard."

"He's been asleep most of the time," Corinne said. "He took the pills. There hasn't been a sound from him since we landed."

"Pity we can't keep it that way! I'll bet he'll start complaining as soon as he wakes up. . . ." Bliss opened the

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Sure I'll try one of your cakes—I like to live dangerously!"

waiting by herself, not knowing what was happening at Bampton Gardens, not knowing how the loading was getting on, had been a strain. But once on the road, with Banda safely in the back, her anxieties had melted away. Now she was in a confident and exhilarated mood.

Her ticket, money, passport, and papers were in her bag, her suitcase and the Queen Anne table wedged against the chest behind her. Everything was under control. Her thoughts were already racing ahead to a smiling dawn in France, a triumphant meeting with Mike. What a celebration they'd have!

Her only slight concern was about Banda's comfort. There had not been a peep out of him, but he must be having a horrible time. Perhaps she ought to check.

As soon as she sighted an empty lay-by, she pulled in and stopped the engine. She leaned back, and tapped on the chest. "Are you all right, Mr. Banda?"

The fastening clicked and the lid opened slightly. "Yes, is there some trouble?"

"No — I just wanted to make sure you were still alive!"

"I am quite comfortable, thank you. Better than I expected. And I have taken two sleeping pills. You need not worry about me."

"Good."

The lid went down, the catch clicked. Corinne drove on, reassured. She could now give her undivided attention to the traffic and the timing of her arrival at Dover. She didn't want to get there too early, and have to hang about, and she certainly mustn't be late.

In fact, her timing was perfect. She reached the Eastern Docks at a quarter to two, forty-five minutes before the ferry was due to sail.

smooth sea as anyone could have wished for.

Bliss, having boarded his plane at Lydd with no fuss, passed the uneventful twenty-minute journey to LeTouquet considering the moves that would follow his rendezvous with Corinne and the freeing of Banda.

They'd all be pretty tired after the strain of the escape and a night without sleep, but five o'clock in the morning would be no time to go to a hotel. Anyway, Bliss wanted to push on southward as quickly as possible. Better if they found some quiet spot off the road, and had a sleep in the car and the van for an hour or two.

There'd be a bit of shopping to be done, some luggage for Banda, clothes, and, of course, the second letter of instruction must be got off to Banda's Zurich bank.

Then, a full day's drive, and an early night in a good hotel — Banda wearing his false moustache and glasses and beginning to settle into his new life as Harold Lever.

By easy stages, after that, to Aix-en-Provence. A check at the Credit Lyonnais to see if confirmation of the second money transfer had come through. And if it had, farewell to Banda.

Yes, that seemed a reasonable program.

As the car ferry approached Boulogne, Corinne took a final look at her map of northern France. She and Bliss had arranged to meet on the Paris road, just south of a village called Vron. Not more than half an hour's run.

The loudspeakers crackled. A voice from the bridge invited passengers to go to their cars. Corinne gathered up her things and joined the chattering throng descending to the car deck. Engines were already being throttled up there. A light bump against



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I HAVE a Maling plate, given to me in 1948. It was made in England and the numbers on the back are 635 and 3 over an M, and 537. On it are raised clematis flowers in wine and mauve, and the background is hand-painted green. I have never come across this Maling ware before, so could you please tell me whether it is old or fairly new?—Mrs. J. Charty, Amamoor, Qld.

The Maling pottery, trading as the A & B Ford Potteries, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, was in business until 1963. Your example probably was made during the 1930s.

★ ★ ★

THIS blue glass jug (picture below) has passed from my great-grandmother to grandmother to mother, and finally to me. The jug has a painting on its side. There is no identifying mark, except for something resembling an uneven capital P at the point where the jug was finished, in a depression in its centre. I have sketched this mark. The jug is light in weight, and about 9½ in. high. Calculating back over four generations I think it would be about 113 years old. What do you think?—Miss A. Young, Killarney, Qld.

The jug, which is an example of Mary Gregory glass, was made in the 1890s.



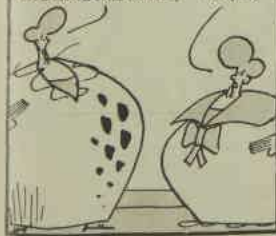
• Blue glass jug

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WOULD you please give me information about my statuette (photo enclosed) of a girl, candle in hand, carrying a child on her other arm. On the base of the statue is "Goede Nacht" and Mazarin 460.—Mrs. C. Williams, Bein, S.A.

Your statuette, representing "Good Night," was made in Germany about 90 years ago.

ENCLOSED is a photo of what I presume is a lemon-squeezer. It was found on an old property in the district and is of cast iron. The small bowl, with lip, is metal, and removable. On either end of the base is embossed "Success." Can you tell me anything about it?—Mrs. T. H. Clark, Collarenebri, N.S.W.

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• Cast-iron lemon-squeezer

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back of the van. He tapped
on the lid of the chest.

"Open up, Banda, you've
arrived." He broke off.
"That's funny, the fastening's
undone."

He raised the lid and looked
in. Except for the straw, the
chest was empty!

For a moment Bliss just
stared down at it, shocked,
uncomprehending, motionless.
Then his hands clenched, his
face grew pale, and he swore
with a venom Corinne had
never heard in his voice be-
fore.

Corinne was staring down,
too, scarcely able to believe
her eyes. "I don't understand.
I talked to him on the way
down. He was there when I
drove on to the boat."

"Sure he was," Bliss said.
"But not when you drove off.
He got out during the cross-
ing, when the car bay was
deserted."

"But he'd taken sleeping
pills . . ."

"No, he hadn't, he just said
he had, to lull you. He prob-
ably had the whole thing
planned from the beginning—

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

that's why he was so anxious
not to be locked in the chest.
He lay doggo till everyone had
gone, let himself out, mixed
with the passengers who
hadn't got cars, and went
ashore in the ordinary way
with his new passport. He'd
got the moustache and glasses
with him—he'd have had no
trouble."

Corinne said wearily: "I
suppose we should have
thought of it."

"You're dead right, we
should. Or I should. I could
kick myself. All that effort!"
Bliss groaned. "For nothing!"

"We've got the twenty-five
thousand," Corinne said.

Bliss gave a grunt of dis-
gust. "What's twenty-five
thousand when you've banked
on a fortune? Chicken feed!"

"It's better than nothing
... Anyway, what are we
going to do?"

Bliss shrugged. "What can
we do? Accept that we've

failed, and try something else,
I suppose. Collect the dough
from Aix and push on to the
south. I might get a few ideas
on the Riviera. One thing's
for sure—we'll never find
Banda now he's loose on the
Continent."

"I suppose not," Corinne
said slowly. Then suddenly
she exclaimed: "Mike! I be-
lieve I know where we could
find Banda."

Bliss stared at her. "You
do?"

"Yes, it's just come back to
me. He was talking about it
when I was driving him to
London. He's got a villa in
Menton. The Villa Hiron-
delle. He said he thought
he'd go there and rest for a
bit."

Bliss' face cleared. "Well,
that's a break, I must say."
Then he frowned. "But why
on earth should he tell you?
It was a pretty dim thing to
do, if he knew he was going

to clear off without paying
us."

Corinne looked up at him,
her eyes wide and innocent.
"He had some idea I might
join him there."

Bliss grinned. "I see! So
we're in business again!"

"Yes. What shall we do, go
straight to Menton?"

"As straight as the road'll
take us," Bliss said.

With the map spread out on
the Mercedes, they made their
plans for the eight-hundred-
mile journey.

"Speed's the main thing,"
Bliss said. "If Banda took the
train at Boulogne he could
be in Menton by tomorrow
morning, and we want to
reach him before he has a
chance to move on."

"I suggest we get rid of
the van, which is slow any-
way, and take turns driving
the Mercedes and sleeping.
That way we'll have covered
five or six hundred miles by
tonight, and we should get
to the villa early tomorrow
afternoon, soon after Banda.
How's that with you?"

Corinne nodded. "As long
as I can sleep first."

They left the van at the
first garage they found open.
They might return for it later,
Bliss told the proprietor, or
they might decide to sell it—
they'd write and say which.

Bliss transferred their per-
sonal luggage to the Mercedes.
They made a quick breakfast
of croissants and coffee at a
restaurant opposite the garage
and by eight-thirty were on
the road again, heading south
at high speed.

By evening they were at
Valence, with most of their
journey done. They spent a
restful night there and left
early in the morning,
refreshed and eager for the
confrontation. They reached
Menton at three in the after-
noon, well up to schedule.

The sea was as blue as
Banda had said it would be.
The promontory, with its pine
trees and orange groves and
luxurious white villas, fully
justified the description he'd
given of it. The Villa Hiron-
delle, when they located it
high up on the cliff side, was
a sparkling delight.

Bliss parked the car by the
gate, got out, and peered
ahead through the bushes that
lined the drive. There was a
moment of anxious silence.
Then he turned, smiling, and
gave Corinne the thumbs-up
sign.

"It's OK—he's there! I
can see a window open, and
there's a pair of swimming-
trunks drying on the terrace.
Oh, boy, are we going to sur-
prise him!"

They walked slowly up the
drive. Somewhere inside the
house, a radio was playing.
They reached the front door
and Bliss rang the bell. After
a moment, the radio went off.
Footsteps sounded in the hall.
The door opened.

THERE were
four men in the hall. One
was a uniformed gendarme.
Two others had the watchful
air of plainclothes policemen.
But it was at the fourth man
that Bliss and Corinne stared
in horror—the man who'd
opened the door.

"Hello, Miss Lake. After-
noon, Mr. Bliss."

Inspector Kirby stepped
back invitingly. "Do come in.
We've been expecting you."

Shocked and speechless,
Bliss and Corinne followed
him like automatons into a
large sitting-room.

"Find yourselves chairs,"
Kirby said. "Make yourselves
comfortable. We've got a lot
to talk about."

They sat down. Kirby took
a seat opposite them. The
three French policemen dis-
posed themselves in a half
circle, as though for a per-
formance.

"Well, Mr. Bliss?"

There was a short silence.
Then Bliss gave a faint shrug.
Obviously, the game was up.
Nothing but complicity could
explain how he and Corinne
happened to be calling on a
criminal who'd just escaped
from England. Nothing but
full possession of the facts
could explain the presence of
Kirby at the villa.

"I assume you know every-
thing," Bliss said.

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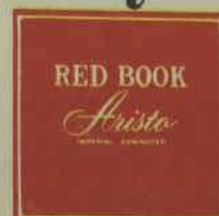
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AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

Kirby nodded and waited.

"Have you got Banda?"

"Yes, Mr. Bliss, we've got him. Safe and sound."

"I should have guessed. He'd never have had the guts to clear off like that. What happened, Inspector? How did you find out?"

"Well," Kirby said, "the fact is you talked too much."

"Talked too much? About what?"

"About wine, sir. Remember that day you gave me the ice wine? And told me about your modest cellar, your cool cupboard? Well, after you left me at the flat and I'd finished my phone talk I went round the place putting lights out and closing doors, and I happened to stick my head inside your cupboard."

"It was so warm in there I could hardly believe it was the one you'd meant, but the wine racks fixed to the wall showed it was. I took the liberty of moving a thermometer from the kitchen to the cupboard. Do you know what the temperature was? Seventy-five

THE LONG SHORT CUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

degrees. And do you know why? There are hot-water pipes running under that floor. It couldn't ever be anything but an oven."

Bliss gave a resigned nod. "I get it. Go on, Hawkeye!"

"Well, sir, I was naturally very puzzled. I rang up our Assistant Commissioner, who's also a bit of a wine fancier, and asked him if anyone who knew about wine would store a choice vintage like Romance Conti in a temperature of seventy-five degrees. He said not unless the fellow was a lunatic."

"So I began to wonder about the contents of that chest of yours. If you hadn't taken four dozen bottles of Romance Conti, what had you taken? I'd no idea of the truth, but I thought possibly you were smuggling some valuables out, stolen property, something like that. Other-

wise, why the big pretence? So I phoned Dover CID, described the van, and asked them to take a look. They went aboard the ferry, and they found Banda."

Bliss grinned. "That must have shaken one and all!"

"It certainly shook me, Mr. Bliss, when they told me. There hadn't even been a report that he was missing. It also left me with a problem, which I had to resolve pretty fast as the ship was already behind schedule. Obviously I could have had Miss Lake arrested there and then, but I was much more concerned to get you. And I didn't know where you were. By that time you'd have left Le Touquet."

"I didn't know, either, where the two of you had arranged to meet, and I did Miss Lake the honor of thinking that even if she were

arrested she wouldn't necessarily tell me. All I did know was that if Miss Lake didn't turn up at the rendezvous, you'd realise something was wrong and probably disappear for good. So I did a bit of phoning across the Channel, and the French police agreed to tail Miss Lake's van to the meeting place and hold you both until I arrived."

"Unfortunately," he added, "the French police lost her."

"That's right," Bliss said, "she was playing hard to get! But you'd still got Banda, of course. I suppose he talked."

Kirby gave a deprecatory smile. "Well, sir, Mr. Banda isn't one of the toughest characters I've come across — and he was under some pressure. The prospect of an even longer sentence than the one he's likely to get obviously didn't appeal to him — so, as you say, he talked. Very fast and very comprehensively. In fact, he gave us the whole story."

"The rat," Bliss said, without heat.

Kirby gave a sympathetic nod. "Strictly between ourselves, sir, I rather share your view. Anyway, once I knew he'd intended to come to Merton, and that he'd mentioned to Miss Lake he intended to come, it wasn't difficult to work out your next moves. Obviously you'd think he'd double-crossed you when you found the chest empty, obviously you'd come rushing down here, full of righteous indignation, to collect your money."

"It was just a question of boarding a plane, enlisting the co-operation of my good French colleagues, and waiting till you arrived. And that, I think, puts you completely in the picture."

There was a little silence.

Then Bliss said, "Well, it would be churlish of me not to congratulate you, Inspector. You did a magnificent job."

"Thank you, sir. Possibly, as a policeman, I ought not to say this, but I've never before come across a plan of such extraordinary ingenuity, or rogues I was more reluctant to apprehend. Apart from your one small bit of carelessness, the whole thing was brilliantly executed. It does seem to me a great pity that you and Miss Lake didn't employ your talents and your charm in some more worthwhile direction. You would obviously have been very successful in many legitimate fields."

"I daresay," Bliss said, with a wry smile. "But it wouldn't have been nearly such fun, would it? Well, there it is. What happens now?"

"The French authorities will accommodate you both tonight, separately, I'm afraid. Tomorrow we shall fly home, and you'll both be charged."

"What precisely will the charges be?"

"As far as you're concerned, sir? Oh! attempting to prevent the course of justice, obtaining a passport by false pretences, forgery, conspiracy, arson. A few things like that."

"Would it help, do you suppose, if I were to hand over the twenty-five thousand that Banda paid me?"

"Well, it wouldn't do any harm, sir. I'd certainly recommend it."

"Are you likely to get the rest of Banda's money?"

"As a matter of fact, we are. He always denied that he'd salted anything away, but now, of course, he's had to admit it. I think that with a little more pressure he'll hand the lot over. It's rather ironical, really. His former shareholders should be quite grateful to you."

"Unfortunately they won't be on the jury," Bliss said.

"No."

"And what about Corinne?"

"Oh she'll probably be

charged with aiding and abetting. A serious offence, in view of what she abetted, but I don't doubt she was very much under your influence."

"Yes, I think she was."

Bliss got up and went over to Corinne. She was pale, but composed. "I'm terribly sorry," he said. "I made a frightful hash of it all." He bent and kissed her, for the first time, with a little tenderness. "I guess I was too sure of myself."

She forced a smile. "Don't worry, I can take it."

Bliss turned away. "OK, Inspector — we're all yours."

IN his cell in Wormwood Scrubs, three weeks and a sensational trial later, Bliss sat thinking.

His thoughts were not wholly black. Three years wasn't nearly as bad as he'd expected. Two years, with remission for good conduct, and Bliss would be a model prisoner. That short, modest speech of his, so carefully rehearsed and memorised, so apparently straight from a boyish heart, had turned the scale. It had been a triumph.

Sorry to have done it, of course. Realised it was wrong. Fact was it had appealed to him as an exciting adventure. Pitting his wits and skill against authority. Sort of challenge. True he'd done it to earn money as well, but a man racing single-handed in a small boat across the Atlantic might have his eye on the prize as well as the struggle.

His greatest regret was involving Miss Lake in the escapade. He took full responsibility.

He realised now he'd exploited her affection for him. She'd been most reluctant to start with, but he'd persuaded her. He did hope the court would be lenient with her.

He'd never been in trouble before — didn't intend ever to be again. But he recognised that he owed society a debt and he was ready to take his medicine. Yes, it had been a brilliant performance. The judge had seemed quite touched.

So there was still a future. Maybe a different sort of future. Bliss had given some thought to that aspect. Once you started getting caught, conning was like gambling, a mug's game. With a police record, it would be asking for trouble to go on. And he didn't have to. Kirby had been quite right — there were all sorts of legitimate jobs that would suit his talents.

Maybe even with Corinne. She'd be out of jail in nine months — and he didn't think she bore him any grudge. Odd how he'd come to like that girl. Quite seriously. Missed her companionship. Never thought he would.

So things weren't so bad, really. The fact was, he'd got off very lightly. Nemesis had only done half a job.

Sounds in the corridor outside brought his reflection to an end. Cell doors were beginning to slam. Exercise time. Bliss got up from his settee and moved toward the door.

He fell into line with the other prisoners and marched out into the exercise yard. As he walked, he accidentally trod on the heel of the man in front of him. The man turned round. He had bulging cheekbones and big ears and pale eyes, as friendly as a rattlesnake's. It was Matt Olen.

He looked hard at Bliss. Slowly a grin spread across his face from big ear to big ear. The most diabolical grin Bliss had ever seen.

"Well, if it isn't Bright Boy!" Olen said. He flexed his giant muscles. "You and me must do some exercises together!"

THE END

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AWW

WOMEN OFTEN NEED KIDNEY HELP

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the kidneys and bladder may cause frequent burning, itching, urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CISTEX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

RHEUMATISM?

Muscular aches and pains? Rub in Olbas Oil. Also quick relief by inhalation for sinus distress. Drug free, safe for all ages.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

THE LEAP-YEAR ITCH

SPRING is eventually going to be here, and a young man's fancy should gradually be turning to love.

But, winter or spring, if you're still waiting for "Mr. Right" to find you, remember it's Leap Year. And for every red-blooded girl that means just one thing — open season for man-hunting, 1968 style.

The simplest way to meet men is to stay home — and give parties.

While we can't guarantee that they'll lead to a gold ring on "that" finger, here are some party ideas that are fun . . .

● Parties round the clock? Breakfast seems a good time to start. It's the new trend with the jet set — a come-as-you-are, bring-whomever's-with-you Sunday affair. Keep decorations strictly untidy-normal.

● Entertain for someone else. Restrict the guests to his or her friends, some of whom will be completely new to you.

Any excuse will do — a birthday, new job, engagement, or departure for overseas (he may be leaving, but his friends will still be around).

● Join forces with three guys (they can be the old-reliable sort) and organise a "who's-got-the-wildest-records?" night.

All you have to do is send out the invitations from a list of eligible males the boys give you, eliminating anyone you can't stand and adding on anyone you're just dying to meet.

● If you have friends in the neighborhood, why not give a party in four different houses?

Start in the first house with beat music and appetisers.

On to number two for dinner, then to number three for more dancing — slower, of course. And finally to four to cool down — Andy Williams, perhaps, now.

● The "you've-got-to-come-alone" party? Pick your prey: The boy down the street who looked twice at your mini-skirt; the fabulous man you bumped into at work; the swinger you met at the disco last week.

Of course, you'll have to invite a few girls, but make sure there's at least one-third more guys than dolls.

● A "three's-company" party? Ask the most attractive males you know to bring two girls (this way you can be almost certain they won't bring someone who really matters). Then ask some attractive girls to bring two escorts (cousins, old flames, new men in town, or perpetual playboys — it doesn't matter).

For teenagers

TAKE STEPS TO HELP SHY GIRLS

At school dances for higher grades, it is very tempting for the boys to want to dance with the good-looking girls who have developed a really mod style of dressing. This is natural, but please, boys, remember the quiet, shy girls—who may not look like future models, but are certainly not plain Janes, and perhaps may not yet have begun to experiment with make-up. Be a little gracious, and set aside at least two dances for the shy girls. During the dance you may find that the shy girl is really an interesting person. — M. Belchamber, Marino, S.A.

Lost past

SURELY something can be done about the hoodlums who roam the streets. Hearing my parents talk about the days of their youth makes me begin to realise what I am missing in not being able to go out safely with my girlfriends without someone having to be with us for protection. — H. Wills, Norlane, Vic.

Praises sung

AFTER seeing the Seekers' TV special, I was again impressed by the success these Australians attained during a short time. I defy any teenager to say that they don't have (or didn't have, that is) a swinging sound. And yet the boys have short hair,



LETTERS

and wash. I felt really proud to be Australian and to be part of the country that they call home. I hope that we can produce another such group to show the world that the Seekers are not a dying breed and that other Australians can represent their country equally. — Linda McSpedden, Roseville, N.S.W.



THE Australian Historical Society has expressed its concern about the lack of interest shown in Australia Day, January 26. But how can they expect Australians to take a keen and active interest in our national day when we do not even have a national anthem to call our own? The French look forward to July 14, not just because it is a holiday (which is how Australians regard Australia Day) but because it is a national day of joyous festivity. One factor which could contribute to this is their stirring national anthem. I think "Advance Australia Fair" could do for Australians what "The Marseillaise" has done for the French. — R.B., Orange, N.S.W.

Dear "Sir"

WHEN told that in becoming a schoolteacher and "Sir" one loses something of one's identity, I was a bit sceptical. Now, after two years, I know what they meant. We get calls at all hours asking for "Sir." What is the homework (Billy was away sick)? Would "Sir" know where John was? Oh, yes, they knew he was playing with a different team from that which "Sir" had taken. I often get into the car and go searching for pupil or pet. My mother has been abused or complimented by mothers, according to their children's reaction to me. — Keith Oakhill, Clayfield, Qld.

Right note

MY advice to parents whose children are learning a musical instrument is to take a keen interest in them and to occasionally ask them to play to you, for this makes them very pleased with themselves. Also make sure that the teacher is a friend, as well as a teacher, to your children. — "Concerto," Fern-tree Gully, Vic.

Is his hair thinning?



Act now— before it's too late.

But before you can give his hair the proper care it needs, you should know something about it first. To live and grow, hair roots must be supplied with nourishment in the form of natural protein (amino acids). Disorders such as thinning hair, excessive dandruff, loose hair on his comb or simply lank, lifeless hair often occur because the roots are not getting these amino acids in the right proportion from within the body. This essential food can be supplied from the outside, however, by a twice daily massage with Pure Silvikrin — the hair treatment that contains the 18 essential amino acids that make up the vital protein content of the hair.

Pure Silvikrin penetrates the scalp and reaches blood vessels around the base of the hair, builds into hair structure and feeds back protein deep down in hair roots where the trouble begins. Massage in Pure Silvikrin — twice daily! You'll soon see the difference in healthy hair growth!



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FOR MEN

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GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (FOR ME)

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

I SEE that an interesting survey has been conducted among English schoolchildren.

The kids were asked which they preferred — male or female teachers.

The result of the poll — a convincing 73 percent vote in favor of men teachers.

The schoolboys (and girls) were also asked to explain their preferences, and two common remarks were to the

effect that "men teachers understand pupils better" and "they are easier to get along with."

With a few exceptions, I didn't find those ideas proved during my schooldays.

For teenagers

Perhaps the most "understanding" male teacher I had was the bloke who understood that I knew nothing about arithmetic!

Almost every time we had a mental-arithmetic exercise along the "round-the-class-we-go" system, he would come to me, say, "Adair — oh, it's no good asking you,"

and pass on to another. I'll admit I probably wasn't a very easy pupil to get along with.

I recall a science teacher asking: "Has anyone got a bunsen burner at home?"

Guess who replied: "I had one, sir, but the wheels fell off."

I didn't like PT (I gather it's called PE now) very much, so, early in the piece, I managed to have my name put on the sports-master's roll as "Williams."

For years the mix-up over my identity confused the issue.

I think the poor chap finally hurled himself from a vaulting horse.

I'd like to make it clear that this is not a defence of being, or an incitement to be, a cheeky devil at school.

Perhaps the truth lies somewhere in the area of the fact that most of my teachers didn't care to rehabilitate me.

More power to a good male teacher.

But, I must confess, my fondest memories of school are probably of the beaut blonde who taught me French.

Caesar could invade hither Gaul till the cows home while she was being *magnifique*.

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GO-MANGO



BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4620.—Princess seamed semi-fitted dress, pockets in side front seams, top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 85c includes postage.

4712.—A-line semi-fitted dress with scalloped edge collar and hemline. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 75c includes postage.

4620

4712

4266

4702

4485

4377

4485.—A-line dress with front inverted pleat has oval neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70c includes postage.

4266.—A-line dress with funnel collar, squared armholes, and button-and-top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.

4377.—Empire evening dress with bell-shaped skirt and sleeves, contrast or self belt and bow. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 75c includes postage.

4702.—Slim dress with oval neckline has front seaming detail and button trim. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48in. bust. Price 75c includes postage.

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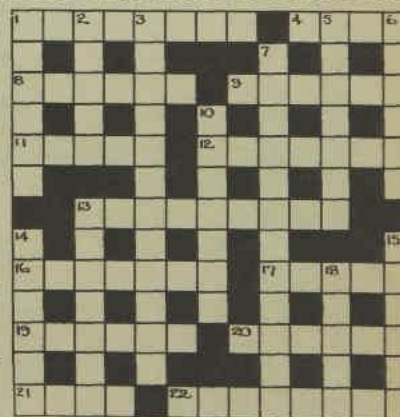
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Coloring the poet (8).
- Box a part of the ship's rigging (4).
- A vigorous reply concerning civil wrong (6).
- Bring charge against in class (6).
- Soil the planet (5).
- The check is in that place (7).
- Stop palms being used for street light poles (4-5).
- Repentance concerning a code (7).
- He instituted prizes for various works and holds a decoration (5).
- One in locality for fish (6).
- A piece of wood on the ship (6).
- Seat is broken for food (4).
- Meant to be an affianced lover (8).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Trade by exchange a member of the lowest hereditary titled order with a ruler (6).
- Animal has a tectotalter in a short over (5).
- Chairman tore into one of the main divisions of the earth (5, 7).
- The Mexican in stays drives forward (7).
- Send back into custody a chap in color (6).
- Not rational and incompetent about a cause (12).
- Ceased, but hurried around a toy (7).
- Thrash a young animal saint (7).
- Three-fold fifty in rubbish (6).
- Equipped with a cutting part, as in knife (6).
- Fifty in the orchestra is not stimulating (5).



A MERRY GO ROUND OF GOOD TASTE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 21, 1968

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News



Spring-like double-breasted gabardine dress with the look of a tailored suit has pleated skirt falling from a lowered waistline. In tomato/white, citrus/white. 12-16. About \$20. Sailor hat in range of colors. About \$8. (From David Jones', 2nd Floor Afternoon Dresses.)

Gently tailored young lines for **DRESSES and SUITS**



Double-breasted linen coat-dress with contrasting white deep neckline, cuffs, and belt. In blue/beige (Sept. 1), and pink/lime. 12-16. About \$24. (Farmer's, Kenneth Pirrie Shop, 2nd Floor.)

At left: Two navy-and-white suits with frilly blouses are in sizes 32-38. High-necked blouse under button jacket (at left), \$39.99; hat, \$12. V-necked blouse with bolero jacket-suit, \$39.99; navy hat, \$10.75. (David Jones' 2nd Floor Suit Shop.)



At left: Cream gabardine dress with inset belt and box-pleated skirt has tortoiseshell rings at hipline and pockets, and matching buttons. In yellow, blue also. By Play Togs. In range of sizes. \$18.50. (Grace Bros., Farmer's, de Georges, Australia Square.)

Above: Two simply cut dresses in black-and-white gabardine — the highline dress with white collar and belt, at left, about \$20. Wraparound dress, at right, about \$18.50. In red and white also and a range of sizes. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.)

FASHIONS in the SHOPS

Below: Slightly tailored printed voile dress buttons through, has big bow at neckline. In black/white, brown/white, and a range of sizes. By Play Togs. About \$20. (Mark Foy's, Wilson's, 180 Pitt Street.)

At right: A superbly tailored version of spring's romantic look, this Canadian double-breasted jacket dress has a cutaway neckline of black crepe, a white crepe frilled blouse. Originals, sizes 12 and 14. About \$93. (David Jones' 6th Floor.)



SUN COVER-UPS and matching swimsuits

Below: Dramatic black French Knit maillot in Bucaroni nylon with daring plunge back and diamante buckles transforms to a dashing patio outfit (at right) when teamed with a matching maxi-length, wraparound skirt cinched with a silver buckled belt. Also available in white, lime fizz. Sizes 32-38in. Swimsuit \$10. Maxi-skirt \$14. Wig cap \$9. (From Mark Foy's, Sportswear Dept.)



Vivid color blooms all over this new-season patio culotte and matching sun-shift of imported satin cotton. The shift is in sizes XXSSW-W, \$10. The culotte in sizes XSSW-W, \$12. (Mark Foy's, Sportswear Department.)



Striped voile bikini and matching cover-up (by Burda) achieves a see-through effect and makes a smart play of contrast stripe patterns. The shapely bra with all-in-one straps is noteworthy. In citrus/lime, pink/mauve stripes. 32-36in. Bikini \$9. Top \$14. (Mark Foy's, Sportswear Dept.)



Short, multi-colored scooped-necked jacket tops a matching bikini with a low-cut bra. Sizes 32-36in. Bikini \$8.99. Jacket \$6.99. Matching hat \$2.99. Floral jacket covers a matching bikini in smart new-season colors with wired, built-in bra. Sizes 32-36in. Bikini \$7.99. Jacket \$9.99. Matching hat \$2.99. Aqua arnel bikini, at right, with lace trim, 32-36in. \$11.99. (All Waltons stores.)

FASHIONS in the SHOPS

For the OLDER WOMAN



Above: Smart little navy-and-white suit with double-breasted jacket and frilled cuffs. 32-36in. About \$31.99. (David Jones', 2nd Floor Suit Shop.)

At right: Attractive new-season dress in plain Travelon fabric has pintuck detail on bodice and skirt. Available in pink and aqua. By Gala. XSSW-OS. About \$24. Larger sizes slightly more. (Horderns Mid-City Store, 2nd Floor.)

Below: Chic new-look shirtdress in patterned tricot accented with white. It is in two color combinations, black with white and pink with white. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -XW $\frac{1}{2}$. About \$17. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Proportionate Fittings Depts.)



● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS



Above: Crisp, tailored look in a belted gabardine weather coat in single-breasted style with self and gilt buttons. In beige, pink, blue. XXSSW-SSW. About \$27. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Coat Depts.)



Above: Black-and-white sleeveless dress in an interesting modern print of Alcorso/polyester has black-edged collar and pocket flaps which button down. XSSW½-XW½. About \$20. (All Grace Bros. Stores, Proportionate Fittings Depts.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 21, 1968



Budget buys of the week

Cream gabardine dress splashed with brown contrast has two inverted pleats back and front. Also in pink, navy, blue, black. XSSW½-XW½. About \$10. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands, Proportionate Fittings Depts.)

● Two snappy dress styles in fashionable gabardine are special offers from a Sydney store to our readers this week. Stocks are available now.



Elegant navy-and-white gabardine dress with cowl collar, offside covered buttons, short sleeves. The hipline is accented with welting. Also in aqua, blue, bone, black. XSSW½-OS½. About \$12. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands, Proportionate Fittings Depts.)

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Above: Large square of tiny seed-pearl beading trimmed the halter neck of the long, slim blue-and-silver lurex ballgown worn by Anne Campbell to the Australian - German charity committee's annual ball. Accessories were silver kid.



Above: The Ambassador for Germany, Dr. Hans Schirmer, with Mrs. John Barraclough (at left) and Mrs. Werner Bruckmann at the Australian-German Charity Ball. Mrs. Barraclough's elegant navy satin gown had insets of heavy white satin and Mrs. Bruckmann's Grecian-style white chiffon featured a V-strap neckline with beads and diamantes.

What people are wearing in SYDNEY



At right: Black and white crepe were combined by Pierre Cardin in this diagonal-look cocktail dress worn by Mrs. Edward Esdaile. The soft folds at the neckline fell into a dramatic knee-length scarf at the back.



Above: Low - belted double-breasted hip-length coat worn over a sleeveless A-line dress by country visitor Mrs. Frank Thompson, of "Widdien," Kerrabee, had turquoise cuffs, lapels, and buttonholes to complement the soft blue-and-grey tweed. Her pillbox hat was of the same material. Mrs. Thompson was at the Peter Pan luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel.



At left: Caramel tweed and snowy-white knitted wool were teamed together in this imported French dress which Mrs. Michael Lewis bought in South Africa and wore at the Peter Pan luncheon. Her tall white felt beret was by Otto Lucas.



At left: Striking black-and-white coatdress in a heavy cotton satin worn by Mrs. Raymond Pearce to the Peter Pan luncheon had white cuffs and collar, tiny black buttons, and a large inverted pleat at the back and front. Accessories were a beret in white leather and white ermine, black-and-white patent shoes, and a black patent bag.

Below: Red and black was an effective color combination chosen by Miss Suzanne Nicholas for her dress-and-cape outfit. The red cape, which matched her sleeveless wool dress, was lined with black and had a black fox fur collar. Her accessories were in black kid.



At right: Princess Margaret wore this pillbox hat lavishly decorated with lilies of the valley when she visited the University of Essex. The pillbox was in heavy ottoman silk—the same fabric as her coat and dress ensemble.



What people are wearing OVERSEAS



Above: Top model Twiggy and the man she is to marry — her manager, Justin de Villeneuve — arriving at the London Pavilion for the premiere of the Beatles cartoon film, "Yellow Submarine." Twiggy wore a Grecian-styled mini-dress with a low-set headband and white leather leggings — and to cap it all, a 1920 curly Charleston hairdo.

At left: Lovely actress Judy Huxtable arriving for the premiere of the film "Star" at the Dominion Theatre, London, in a flowing black chiffon coat and dress with a gold braid trim.

At right: Diana Fisher in a mustard-and-brown-striped slacksuit with a couple of good-looking dogs who will appear with her in a new program, "Almost Human," on BBC-TV. Mrs. Fisher, who was in Australia last year with her husband, the Hon. Humphrey Fisher, was well known for her radio and television programs in Sydney.





At left: French film star Catherine Deneuve, left, who was guest-of-honor at a party given at the St. Regis Hotel, New York, by Cinema Center Films, met her official hostesses for the first time when she arrived. They are, from left, Cathy Macauley, Ruth Ford, and Heidi Vanderbilt. Miss Deneuve's dress of embroidered organza had a lace jabot; Miss Macauley wore sheepskin chaps and a white vest loosely laced down the front; Ruth Ford was in a black-and-gold dress, and Heidi Vanderbilt chose white with a high-necked frilly bodice.

Below: Among the guests at the cocktail party for Catherine Deneuve was tobacco heiress Doris Duke, with Peter Byrne, centre, and Kenneth Jay Lane. Miss Duke, in a flower-printed chiffon dress, was one of the 300 New York socialites invited. "The idea was to have the beautiful people meet the beautiful actress," explained a spokesman for the film company. Miss Deneuve was in New York to make her American debut in "The April Fools."



Model Vicki Hodge, daughter of Sir John Hodge, was all smiles and excitement after she had landed her first film role—opposite Mick Jagger in "Performance." Vicki is wearing a navy-and-white-spotted culotte dress with white collar and cuffs, and a large white scalloped-brimmed hat.



Feminine HATS

for
spring / summer



Above: Spring-like femininity in a black straw picture hat encircled with white flowers. About \$20. (David Jones', Second Floor Millinery.)



At right: Sophisticated chic in a dramatic black straw hat with a flattering brim and shiny patent leather trim. An Italian adaptation. About \$15.75. (David Jones', Second Floor Millinery.)



Above: Dreamy picture hat in pink straw with a band of matching roses really sets the scene for the feminine look of Spring '68. About \$21. (David Jones', Second Floor Millinery.)